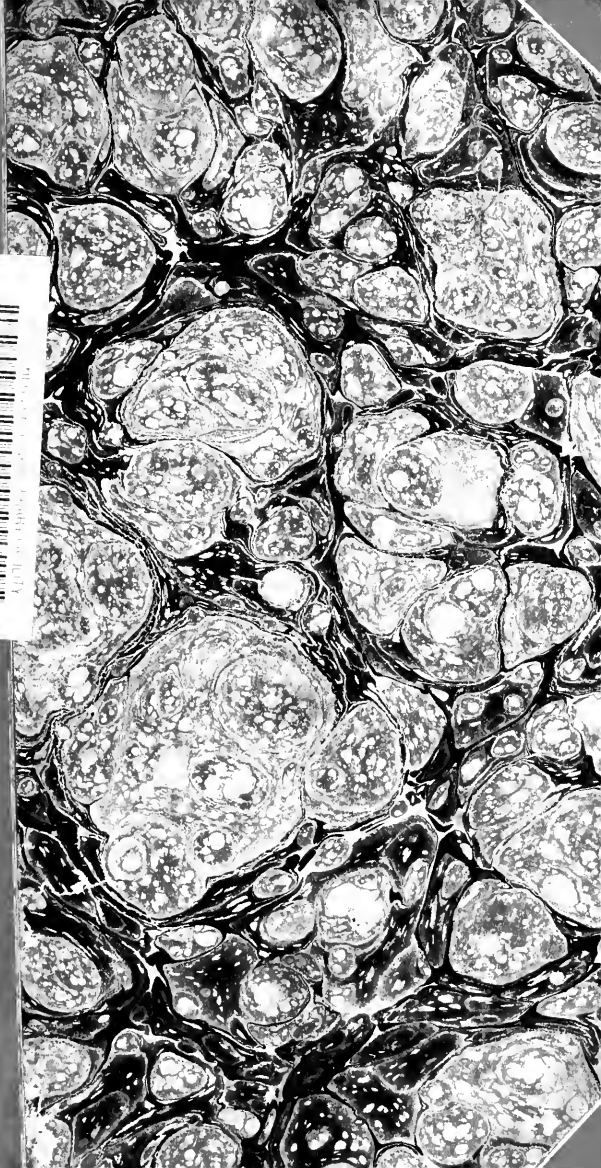


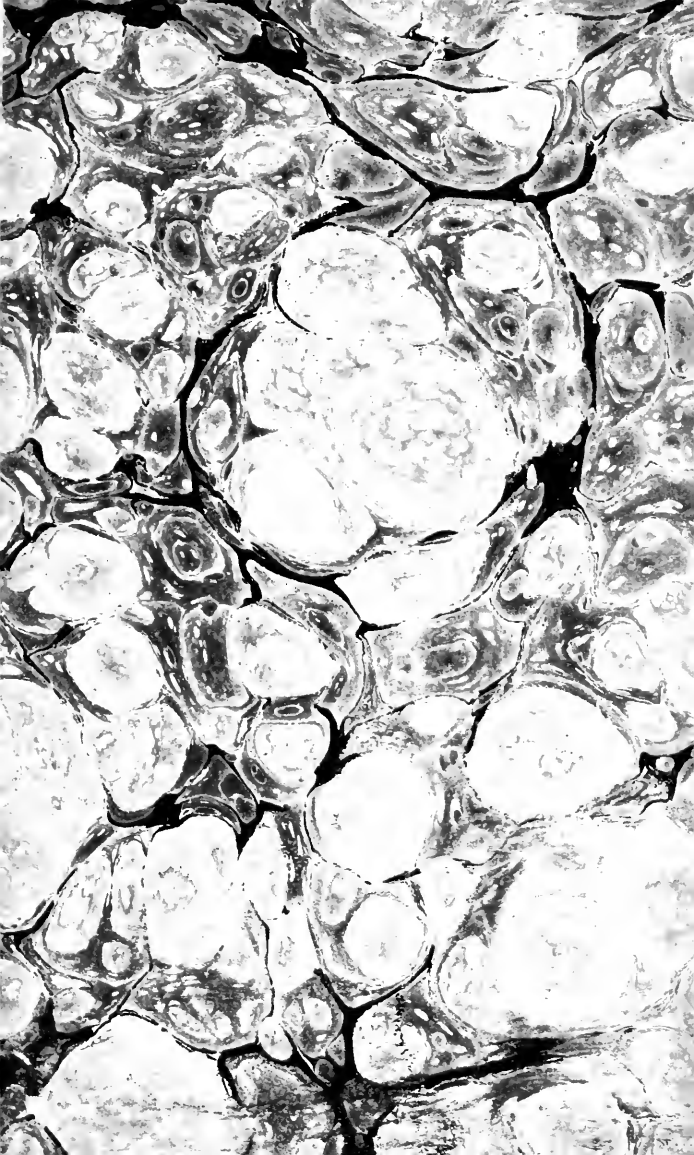
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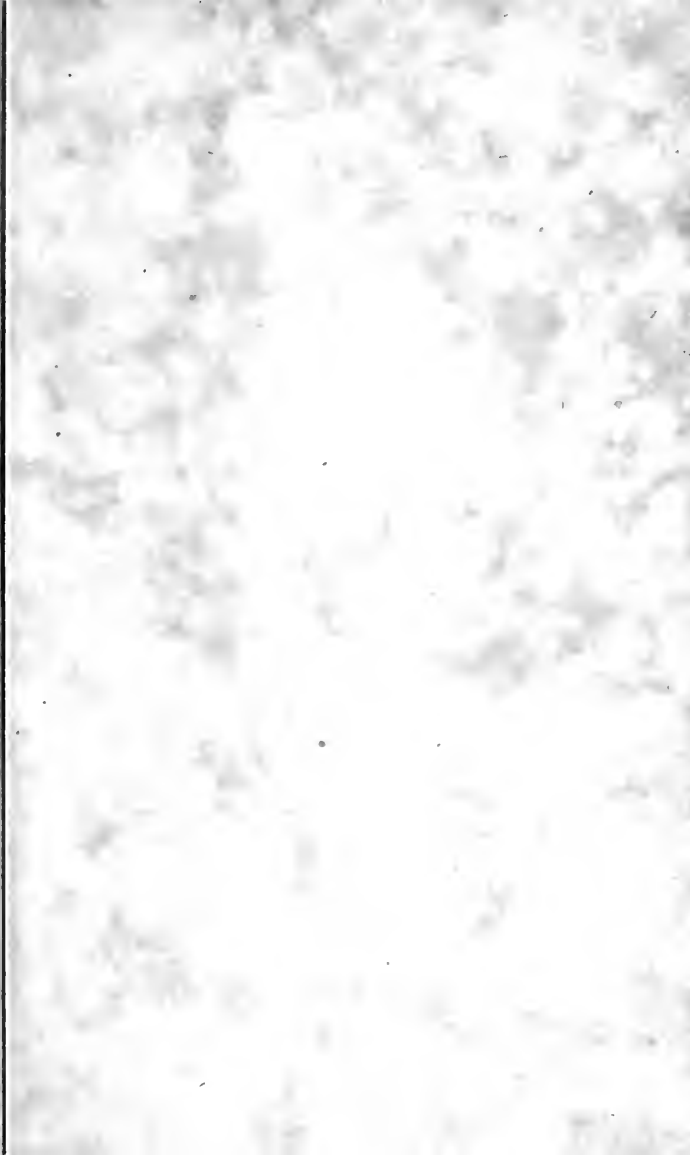
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# SAMSON AGONISTES.

A

## DRAMATIC POEM.

---

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπευδαίας, κ. τ. λ.

ARISTOT. *Poet.* Cap. 6.

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

---

### OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest

writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his *Ajax*; but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled *Christ suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons; which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though Ancient Tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the



ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allœostropha. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

### The Argument.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place high, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. There he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence: he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

# SAMSON AGONISTES.

---

## THE PERSONS.

Samson.	Harapha, of Gath.
Manoah, the Father of	Public Officer.
Samson.	Messenger.
Dalila, his Wife.	Chorus of Danites.

*The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.*

---

SAMSON, *Attendant leading him.*

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on ;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.  
There I am wont to sit when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily, in the common prison else enjoin'd me ;  
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and  
sweet,

With day-spring born : here leave me to respire.—  
This day a solemn feast the people hold

To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works : unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me : hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts ; that, like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O ! wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His god-like presence, as from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits ; if I must die  
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task [strength,  
With this Heaven-gifted strength ? O glorious  
Put to the labor of a beast, debased  
Lower than bond-slave ! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver :  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke !  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction : what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but myself ?

Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong !  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom ? vast, unwieldy, burdensome ;  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties ; not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command !  
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know :  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries ;  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail ; but chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
Light, the prime work of God, to me' is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm : the vilest here excel me :  
They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own ;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark ! amid the blaze of noon

Irrecoverably dark ! total eclipse  
Without all hope of day !  
O first created Beam ! and thou great Word,  
“ Let there be light ! and light was over all ; ”  
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in every part ; why was the sight  
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd ?  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
That she might look at will through every pore ?  
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;  
Buried, yet not exempt,  
By privilege of death and burial,  
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs :  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.  
But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet steering this way ;  
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
At my affliction, and perhaps to' insult,  
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

*Enter CHORUS.*

CHO. This, this is he: softly awhile,  
Let us not break in upon him.  
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
With languish'd head unpropp'd,  
As one past hope, abandon'd,  
And by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O'er-worn and soil'd!  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
That heroic, that renown'd,  
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd [withstand;  
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could  
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;  
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron;  
And, weaponless himself,  
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantéan proof?  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanced,  
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalo-  
Fled from his lion ramp: old warriors turn'd [nite  
Their plated backs under his heel; [dust.  
Or, grovelling, soil'd their crested helmets in the  
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day. [bore  
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders

The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;  
 Like whom the gentiles feign to bear up heaven.  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight;  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul, [plain]  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-  
 Imprison'd now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light  
 To' incorporate with gloomy night;  
 For inward light, alas!  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth, unparallel'd!  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate  
 Whom long descent of birth,  
 Or the' sphere of fortune, raises;  
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAM. I hear the sound of words; their sense the  
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear. [air

CHO. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in  
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief; [might,  
 We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,



From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better,  
Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy sores : apt words have power to swage  
The tumors of a troubled mind,  
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAM. Your coming, Friends ! revives me ; for  
Now of my own experience, not by talk, [I learn,  
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
Bear in their superscription, (of the most  
I would be understood ;) in prosperous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O Friends !  
How many evils have inclosed me round ;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness ; for had I sight, confused with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigg'd : and for a word, a tear,  
Fool ! have divulged the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful woman ? tell me, Friends !  
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
In every street ? Do they not say, how well  
Are come upon him his deserts ! Yet why ?  
Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean :  
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd ;  
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

CHO. Tax not divine disposal : wisest men  
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived ;  
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides :

Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
Than of thy own tribe fairer, or as fair :  
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAM. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased  
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
The daughter of an infidel. They knew not  
That what I motion'd was of God : I knew  
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
The marriage on, that by occasion hence  
I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
She proving false, the next I took to wife  
(O that I never had ! fond wish too late),  
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.  
I thought it lawful from my former act,  
And the same end ; still watching to oppress  
Israel's oppressors : of what now I suffer  
She was not the prime cause, but I myself ;  
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weak-  
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. [ness !)

CHO. In seeking just occasion to provoke  
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness :  
Yet Israël still serves with all his sons.

SAM. That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,  
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done  
Singly by me against their conquerors,  
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd,  
Deliverance offer'd : I on the' other side  
Used no ambition to commend my deeds ; [doer.  
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
To count them things worth notice, till at length  
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers  
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
Safe to the rock of Etham was retired ;  
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
To set upon them, what advantaged best.  
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
The harass of their land, beset me round :  
I willingly on some conditions came  
Into their hands ; and they as gladly yield me  
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,  
Bound with two cords : but cords to me were threads  
Touch'd with the flame. On their whole host I flew  
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
Their choicest youth : they only lived who fled.  
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,  
And lorded over them whom they now serve.  
But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt  
And by their vices brought to servitude,  
Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;  
And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
Whom God hath of his special favor raised  
As their deliverer ? if he aught begin,  
How frequent to desert him, and at last  
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

CHO. Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
The matchless Gideon, in pursuit  
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings :  
And how ingrateful Ephraim

Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
In that sore battle, when so many died  
Without reprieve, adjudged to death,  
For want of well-pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAM. Of such examples add me to the roll ;  
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But God's proposed deliverance not so.

CHO. Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to men ;  
Unless there be, who think not God at all :  
If any be, they walk obscure ;  
For of such doctrine never was there school,  
But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be, who doubt his ways not just,  
As to his own edicts found contradicting ;  
Then give the reins to wandering thought,  
Regardless of his glory's diminution ;  
Till, by their own perplexities involved,  
They ravel more, still less resolved,  
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the' Interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript,  
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself ;  
And hath full right to' exempt  
Whom so it pleases him by choice  
From national obstruction, without taint  
Of sin, or legal debt ;  
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,  
Nor in respect of the' enemy just cause,

To set his people free,  
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
Against his vow of strictest purity,  
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
Unclean, unchaste.

Down, reason, then ; at least vain reasonings,  
Though reason here aver, [down ;  
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :  
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see ! here comes thy reverend sire  
With careful step, locks white as down,  
Old Manoah. Advise  
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

SAM. Ah me ! another inward grief, awaked  
With mention of that name, renews the' assault.

*Enter MANOAH.*

MAN. Brethren and men of Dan ! for such ye  
seem,  
Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,  
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd  
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

CHO. As signal now in low dejected state,  
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

MAN. O miserable change ! is this the man,  
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,  
None offering fight ; who single combatant  
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
Himself an army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd

At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust  
In mortal strength! and oh! what not in man  
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good  
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock, a reproach: I gain'd a son,  
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy:—  
Who would be now a father in my stead?  
O! wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand  
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
For this did the' angel twice descend? for this  
Ordain'd thy nurture holy', as of a plant  
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,  
The miracle of men; then in an hour  
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?  
Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be' it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

SAM. Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father!  
Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me  
But justly: I myself have brought them on,  
Sole author I, sole cause. If aught seem vile,  
As vile hath been my folly', who have profaned  
The mystery of God given me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.  
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,

But warn'd by oft experience. Did not she  
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her highth  
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight  
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
And rivals? In this other was there found  
More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived  
Her spurious first-born, treason against me?  
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,  
And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
My capital secret, in what part my strength  
Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might  
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport [know:  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly, and with what impudence  
She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse  
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
She sought to make me traitor to myself;  
Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,  
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,  
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not, day nor night,  
To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out,  
At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,  
Might easily have shook off all her suares:  
But foul effeminacy held me yoked  
Her bond-slave: O indignity! O blot  
To honor and religion! servile mind  
Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
These rags, this grinding is not yet so base

As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
That saw not how degenerately I served.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, Son!  
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead  
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
Find some occasion to infest our foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
Their captive, and their triumph: thou the sooner  
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,  
To violate the sacred trust of silence  
Deposited within thee; which to' have kept  
Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st  
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault:  
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;  
This day the Philistines a popular feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim  
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,  
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd  
Thee, Samson! bound and blind into their hands,  
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,  
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,  
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
By the' idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
Samson! of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

SAM. Father! I do acknowledge and confess  
That I this honor, I this pomp, have brought



To Dagon, and advanced his praises high  
Among the heathen round ; to God have brought  
Dishonor, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
Of idolists, and atheists ; have brought scandal  
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;  
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
With me hath end : all the contest is now  
'Twixt God and Dagon : Dagon hath presumed,  
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
His deity comparing and preferring  
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked ;  
But will arise, and his great name assert :  
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and  
these words

I as a prophecy receive ; for God,  
Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of his Name  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done ?  
Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,  
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,  
Neglected. I already have made way

To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
About thy ransom : well they may by this  
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge  
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted  
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM. Spare that proposal, Father ! spare the  
Of that solicitation ; let me here, [trouble  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;  
And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
The mark of fool set on his front ? But I  
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully ; a sin  
That gentiles in their parables condemn  
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

MAN. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite ;  
But act not in thy own affliction, Son !  
Repent the sin ; but, if the punishment  
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;  
Or the' execution leave to high disposal,  
And let another hand, not thine, exact  
Thy penal forfeit from thyself : perhaps  
God will relent, and 'quit thee all his debt ;  
Who ever more approves, and more accepts  
(Best pleased with humble and filial submission),  
Him, who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due ;  
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased

For self-offence, more than for God offended.  
Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows  
But God hath set before us, to return thee  
Home to his country and thy sacred house,  
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert  
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

SAM. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,  
To what end should I seek it ? when in strength  
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts  
Of birth from Heaven foretold, and high exploits,  
Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,  
Fearless of danger, like a petty god  
I walk'd about admired of all and dreaded  
On hostile ground, none daring my affront ;  
Then swollen with pride into the snare I fell  
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life ;  
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge.  
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me  
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
Shaven, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

CHO. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou couldst repress ; nor did the dancing ruby  
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

SAM. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure

With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refresh'd : nor envied them the grape  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHO. O madness ! to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAM. But what avail'd this temperance, not  
Against another object more enticing ? [complete  
What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquish'd ? by which means,  
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonor'd,  
quell'd,

To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,  
But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burdenous drone ; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object, these redundant locks  
Robustious to no purpose clustering down,  
Vain monument of strength ; till length of years  
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure ?  
Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread ;  
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,  
Consume me, and oft invoked death  
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with  
that gift  
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them ?  
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer  
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to' allay  
After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast:  
And I persuade me so ; why else this strength  
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ?  
His might continues in thee not for nought,  
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAM. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light ;  
Nor the' other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :  
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat. Nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself ;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which  
    proceed  
From anguish of the mind and humors black,  
That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
Must not omit a father's timely care  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom, or how else : meanwhile be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.  
[Exit.

SAM. O that torment should not be confined  
To the body's wounds and sores  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, breast, and reins ;  
But must secret passage find  
To the' inmost mind,  
There exercise all his fierce accidents,

And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingering disease,  
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage ;  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.  
Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :  
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,  
His destined from the womb,  
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.  
Under his special eye  
Abstemious I grew up, and thrived amain.  
He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
Against the' uncircumcised, our enemies :  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,  
Left me all helpless with the' irreparable loss  
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless :  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHO. Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ [sought,  
With studied argument, and much persuasion  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought :  
But with the' afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers ! what is man !  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,  
Not evenly, as thou rulest  
The' angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That wandering loose about  
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,  
Heads without name no more remember'd ;  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,  
To some great work, thy glory,

And people's safety, which in part they' effect :  
Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft,  
Amidst their highth of noon,  
Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no  
Of highest favors past [regard  
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,  
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them  
Unseemly falls in human eye, [high ;  
Too grievous for the trespass or omission ;  
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword  
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses  
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived ;  
Or to the' unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
And condemnation of the' ingrateful multitude.  
If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty  
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
Painful diseases and deform'd,  
In crude old age ;  
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,  
Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already !  
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.—

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?  
Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately ship



Of Tarsus, bound for the' isles  
Of Javan or Gadire,  
With all her bravery on and tackle trim,  
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,  
An amber scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;  
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem ;  
And now at nearer view, no other certain  
Than Dalila thy wife.

SAM. My wife ! my traitress ! let her not come  
near me. [thee fix'd,

CHO. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes  
About to' have spoke ; but now, with head de-  
clined,

Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,  
And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,  
Wetting the borders of her silken veil :  
But now again she makes address to speak.

*Enter DALILA.*

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson !  
Which to have merited, without excuse,  
I cannot but acknowledge ; yet, if tears  
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
In the perverse event than I foresaw),  
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
No way assured. But conjugal affection,  
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,  
Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
If aught in my ability may serve  
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

SAM. Out, out, Hyæna! these are thy wonted  
And arts of every woman false like thee, [arts,  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
And reconcilment move with feign'd remorse,  
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;  
Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,  
His virtue' or weakness which way to assail:  
Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
Again transgresses, and again submits;  
That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,  
With goodness principled not to reject  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,  
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
As I by thee, to ages an example.

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson! not that I endeavour  
To lessen or extenuate my offence;  
But that on the' other side, if it be weigh'd  
By' itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,  
I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, impórtune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults:  
Was it not weakness also to make known

For importunity, that is for nought,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.  
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not :  
Nor shouldst thou' have trusted that to woman's  
frailty :

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,  
So near related, or the same of kind,  
Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine  
The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.  
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mind towards thee,  
Caused what I did ? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
As her at Timna, sought by' all means therefore  
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :  
No better way I saw than by importuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
Thy key of strength and safety : thou wilt say,  
Why then reveal'd ? I was assured by those  
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
Against thee but safe custody, and hold :  
That made for me ; I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed :  
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,  
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,

Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;  
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much  
Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd. [woe,  
Be not unlike all others, not austere  
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAM. How cunningly the sorceress displays  
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine !  
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,  
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the' example,  
I led the way: bitter reproach, but true :  
I to myself was false ere thou to me ;  
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
Take to thy wicked deed : which when thou seest  
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,  
And I believe it ; weakness to resist  
Philistian gold. If weakness may excuse,  
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?  
All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore  
With God or man will gain thee no remission.  
But love constrain'd thee : call it furious rage  
To satisfy thy lust : love seeks to' have love ;  
My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the  
To raise in me inexpiable hate, [way  
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ?  
In vain thou strivest to cover shame with shame,  
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determinest weakness for no plea  
In man or woman, though to thy' own condemning,  
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,

What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;  
Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,  
The constantest to' have yielded without blame.  
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
That wrought with me. Thou know'st the magistrates

And princes of my country came in person,  
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged  
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
How honorable, how glorious, to' entrap  
A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
Such numbers of our nation : and the priest  
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
Dishonorer of Dagon : what had I  
To' oppose against such powerful arguments ?  
Only my love of thee held long debate,  
And combated in silence all these reasons  
With hard contest : at length that grounded maxim,  
So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men, that to the public good  
Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
Took full possession of me, and prevail'd ;  
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

SAM. I thought where all thy circling wiles would  
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy ! [end ;  
But had thy love, still odiously pretended, [thee  
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught  
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
And of my nation, chose thee from among  
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st ;

Too well ; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
Not out of levity, but overpower'd  
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;  
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then  
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?  
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
Parents and country : nor was I their subject,  
Nor under their protection, but my own,  
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life  
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
Against the law of nature, law of nations ;  
No more thy country, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
For which our country is a name so dear ;  
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee ;  
To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable  
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes,  
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;  
Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd.  
These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,  
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear !

DAL. In argument with men, a woman ever  
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAM. For want of words no doubt, or lack of  
breath ;

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson !  
Afford me place to show what recompense  
Towards thee' I intend for what I have misdone,

Misguided : only what remains past cure  
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
To' afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,  
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
Where other senses want not their delights,  
At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting  
Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee  
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to' abide  
With me, where my redoubled love and care  
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
May ever tend about thee to old age  
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,  
That, what by me thou' hast lost, thou least shalt  
miss.

SAM. No, no ! of my condition take no care ;  
It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain :  
Nor think me so unwary or accursed  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught. I know thy trains,  
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins and toils :  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
No more on me have power ; their force is null'd ;  
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd,  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.  
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Loved, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst  
hate me  
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me ;  
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
Deceiveable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,

And last neglected ! How wouldst thou insult,  
When I must live uxorious to thy will  
In perfect thralldom ! how again betray me,  
Bear my words and doings to the lords  
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile !  
This jail I count the house of liberty  
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy  
hand. [wake

SAM. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
At distance I forgive thee: go with that !  
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives !  
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
Of matrimonial treason ! so farewell !

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
To prayers than winds and seas ; yet winds to seas  
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore :  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.  
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ;  
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounced ?  
To mix with thy concernments I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.  
Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,  
And with contráry blast proclaims most deeds ;  
On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.  
My name perhaps among the circumcised  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,



To all posterity may stand defamed,  
With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.  
But in my country, where I most desire,  
In Ecron, Gaza, Ashdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be named among the famousest  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who to save  
Her country from a fierce destroyer chose  
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb  
With odors visited and annual flowers;  
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim  
Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.  
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
The public marks of honor and reward,  
Conferr'd upon me for the piety  
Which to my country I was judg'd to' have shown.  
At this whoever envies or repines,  
I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [*Exit.*]

CHO. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAM. So let her go; God sent her to debase me,  
And aggravate my folly, who committed  
To such a viper his most sacred trust  
Of secresy, my safety, and my life. [power,

CHO. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange  
After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt  
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAM. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

CHO. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit,

Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
That woman's love can win or long inherit ;  
But what it is, hard is to say,  
Harder to hit

(Which way soever men refer it),  
Much like thy riddle, Samson ! in one day  
Or seven. though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride  
Had not so soon preferr'd  
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,  
Successor in thy bed ;  
Nor both so loosely disallied  
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
Is it for that such outward ornament  
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
Capacity not raised to apprehend  
Or value what is best  
In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ?  
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
Of constancy no root infix'd,  
That either they love nothing, or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestine, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
Draws him awry enslaved  
With dotage, and his sense depraved  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,

Embark'd with such a steersmate at the helm ?

Favor'd of Heaven, who finds  
One virtuous, rarely found,  
That in domestic good combines :  
Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :  
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,  
And all temptation can remove,  
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
Gave to the man despotic power  
Over his female in due awe,  
Nor from that right to part an hour,  
Smile she or lour :  
So shall he least confusion draw  
On his whole life, not sway'd  
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.—  
But had we best retire ? I see a storm.

SAM. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHO. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAM. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are pass'd.

CHO. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
The bait of honied words : a rougher tongue  
Draws hitherward ; I know him by his stride,  
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.  
Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him  
I less conjecture than when first I saw [hither  
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :  
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAM. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHO. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

*Enter HARAPHA.*

HAR. I come not, Samson ! to condole thy chance,  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath ;  
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd  
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old  
That Kiriathaim held ; thou know'st me now,  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,  
Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
Each other's force in camp or listed field ;  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.

SAM. The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me ? I thought  
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed  
To' have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw !  
I should have forced thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown :  
So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine,  
From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant acts ; that honor,  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

SAM. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done,  
What then thou wouldst : thou seest it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAM. Such usage as your honorable lords

Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,  
Till they had hired a woman with their gold  
Breaking her marriage-faith to circumvent me.  
Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd  
Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give  
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
Vant-brace and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy  
spear,

A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;  
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
And raise such outeries on thy clatter'd iron,  
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast  
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious  
arms,

Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from  
Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
Where strength can lest abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back  
Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAM. I know no spells ; use no forbidden arts :  
My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
At my nativity this strength, diffused  
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,  
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
With the' utmost of his godhead seconded :  
Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

HAR. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be ;  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses thy comrádes,  
As good for nothing else ; no better service  
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match  
For valor to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,  
But by the barber's razor best subdned.

SAM. All these indignities, for such they are,  
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more ;  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye

Gracious to re-admit the suppliant :  
In confidence whereof I once again  
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose god is God,  
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in  
trusting  
He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

SAM. Tongue-doughty Giant! how dost thou  
prove me these?

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
Their magistrates confess'd it when they took thee  
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound  
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed  
Notorious murder on those thirty men  
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?  
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking;  
To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAM. Among the daughters of the Philistines  
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;  
And in your city held my nuptial feast:  
But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride  
To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,  
That solved the riddle which I had proposed.  
When I perceived all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
I used hostility, and took their spoil,  
To pay my underminers in their coin.

My nation was subjected to your lords :  
It was the force of conquest ; force with force  
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.

But I, a private person, whom my country  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.

I was no private, but a person raised [ven,  
With strength sufficient, and command from Hea-  
To free my country : if their servile minds  
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,  
But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
The unworthier they : whence to this day they  
serve.

I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,  
And had perform'd it, if my known offence  
Had not disabled me, not all your force.  
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
As a petty' enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee ! a man condemn'd, a slave in-  
Due by the law to capital punishment ! [roll'd,  
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAM. Camest thou for this, vain boaster ! to  
survey me,  
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict ?  
Come nearer ! part not hence so slight inform'd ;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HAR. O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unused  
Hear these dishonors, and not render death ?

SAM. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy  
Fear I incurable : bring up thy van, [hand  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.



SAM. Go, baffled Coward! lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down  
To the' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Ashtaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries, in irons loaden on thee. [*Exit.*

CHO. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-  
fallen,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

SAM. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood;  
Though Fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHO. He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAM. He must allege some cause, and offer'd  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise [*fight*  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;  
And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labors,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHO. Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,

When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, the' oppressor,  
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honor truth !  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigor arm'd ;  
Their armouries and magazines contemns,  
Renders them useless ; while  
With winged expedition,  
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,  
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each his own deliverer,  
And victor over all  
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.  
Either of these is in thy lot,  
Samson ! with might endued  
Above the sons of men ; but sight bereaved  
May chance to number thee with those  
Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
Laboring thy mind  
More than the working day thy hands.  
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
For I descry this way  
Some other tending ; in his hand  
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,

Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
By his habit I discern him now  
A public officer, and now at hand ;  
His message will be short and voluble.

*Enter Officer.*

OFF. Hebrews ! the prisoner Samson here I seek.

CHO. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFF. Samson ! to thee our lords thus bid me  
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast, [say ;  
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games :  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
And now some public proof thereof require  
To honor this great feast, and great assembly.  
Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,  
Where I will see thee hearten'd, and fresh clad,  
To' appear, as fits, before the' illustrious lords.

SAM. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore  
Our law forbids at their religious rites [tell them,  
My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

OFF. This answer, be assured, will not content  
them. [sort

SAM. Have they not sword-players, and every  
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,  
And over-labor'd at their public mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity ?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
On my refusal to distress me more,  
Or make a game of my calamities ?  
Return the way thou camest, I will not come.

OFF. Regard thyself: this will offend them highly.

SAM. Myself? my conscience, and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debased  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To show them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFF. My message was imposed on me with  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution? [speed,

SAM. So take it with what speed thy message  
 needs.

OFF. I am sorry what this stoutness will pro-  
 duce. [Exit.

SAM. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow  
 indeed. [strain'd

CHO. Consider, Samson! matters now are  
 Up to the highth, whether to hold or break.

He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,  
 More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

SAM. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
 Of strength, again returning with my hair  
 After my great transgression; so requite  
 Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols?

A Nazarite in place abominable  
 Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon!  
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably' unclean, profane!

CHO. Yet with this strength thou servest the  
 Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean. [Philistines,

SAM. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor

Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
Of those, who have me in their civil power.

CHO. Where the heart joins not, outward acts  
defile not. [tence holds.

SAM. Where outward force constrains, the sen-  
But who constrains me to the temple' of Dagon,  
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.  
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, venturing to displease  
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind: which in his jealousy  
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHO. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my

SAM. Be of good courage; I begin to feel [reach.  
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
I with this messenger will go along,  
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor  
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
This day will be remarkable in my life  
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHO. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

OFF. Samson! this second message from our lords  
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
And darest thou at our sending and command  
Dispute thy coming? Come without delay;  
Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAM. I could be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection ;  
And for a life who will not change his purpose ?  
(So mutable are all the ways of men ;)  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution : doff these links :  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAM. Brethren, farewell ! your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends ; and how the sight  
Of me, as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,  
I know not : lords are lordliest in their wine ;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired  
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd ;  
No less the people, on their holy-days,  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHO. Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide [name  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his  
Great among the heathen round ;  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field

Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire ; that Spirit, that first rushed on thee  
In the' camp of Dan,  
Be efficacious in thee now at need !  
For never was from heaven imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.—  
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
With youthful steps ? much livelier than ere while  
He seems ; supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news ?

*Enter MANOAH.*

MAN. Peace with you, brethren ! my induce-  
ment hither

Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the lords now parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.  
I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
And numbers thither flock : I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.  
But that, which moved my coming now, was chiefly  
To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty. [take

CHO. That hope would much rejoice us to par-  
With thee ; say, reverend sire ! we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and father's tears,  
To' accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.  
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;  
That part most revered Dagon and his priests :

Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both god and state  
They easily would set to sale : a third  
More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
They had enough revenged ; having reduced  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
The rest was magnanimity' to remit,  
If some convenient ransom were proposed.  
What noise or shout was that ? it tore the sky.

CHO. Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before  
them !

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And number'd down : much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forego  
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHO. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all :  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd :  
And I persuade me, God had not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
Garrison'd round about him like a camp



Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service ;  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHO. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem  
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon [vain  
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,  
In both which we, as next, participate. [noise!—

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O what  
Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHO. Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
Blood, death, and deathless deeds, are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point. [noise:

MAN. Of ruin' indeed methought I heard the  
Oh! it continues, they have slain my son.

CHO. Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

CHO. Best keep together here, lest, running thi-  
We unawares run into danger's mouth. [ther,  
This evil on the Philistines is fallen;  
From whom could else a general cry be heard:  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard), by miracle restored,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be  
thought.

CHO. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old : what hinders now ?

MAN. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will ;  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHO. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;  
For evil news rides post, while good news bates.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

*Enter Messenger.*

MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But Providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first, reverend Manoah ! and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd. [thee

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not ;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fallen.

MAN. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not  
The desolation of a hostile city. [saddest

MESS. Feed on that first ; there may in grief be

MAN. Relate by whom. [surfeit.

MESS. By Samson.



Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city ;  
And, as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street : little I had despatch'd,  
When all abroad was rumor'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games :  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
The building was a spacious theatre  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold :  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and  
wine,  
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad : before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,  
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place ; and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be essay'd,

To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendous force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars: he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),  
As over-tired to let him lean awhile  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He, unsuspecting, led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,  
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:  
At last with head erect thus cried aloud;  
“Hitherto, Lords! what your commands imposed  
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld.  
Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”  
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd:  
As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
With horrible convulsion to and fro  
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
Of this but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably  
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

CHO. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!  
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To Israel, and now l'yst victorious  
Among thy slain self-kill'd,  
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more  
Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,

1 SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and  
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
Chanting their idol, and preferring  
Before our living Dread who dwells  
In Silo, his bright sanctuary :  
Among them he a Spirit of frenzy sent,  
Who hurt their minds,  
And urged them on with mad desire  
To call in haste for their destroyer :  
They, only set on sport and play,  
Unweetingly importuned  
Their own destruction to come speedy' upon them.  
So fond are mortal men,  
Fallen into wrath divine,  
As their own ruin on themselves to' invite,  
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
And with blindness internal struck.

2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,  
Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated,  
His fiery virtue roused  
From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as an evening dragon came,  
Assailant on the perched roosts

And nests in order ranged  
Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle  
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
So Virtue, given for lost,  
Depress'd, and over-thrown, as seem'd  
Like that self-begotten bird  
In the Arabian woods emboss'd,  
That no second knows nor third,  
And lay ere while a holocaust,  
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
When most unactive deem'd ;  
And, though her body die, her fame survives,  
A secular bird, ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come ! no time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more cause : Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
A life heroic : on his enemies  
Fully revenged, hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
Through all Philistian bounds : to Israel  
Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion :  
To' himself and father's house eternal fame ;  
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,  
But favoring and assisting to the end.  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soak'd in his enemies' blood ; and from the stream  
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off

The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequy, and funeral train,  
Home to his father's house : there will I build him  
A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valor, and adventures high :  
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,  
Visit his tomb with flowers ; only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHO. All is best, though we oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent.  
His servants be, with new acquist  
Of true experience, from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.



C O M U S.

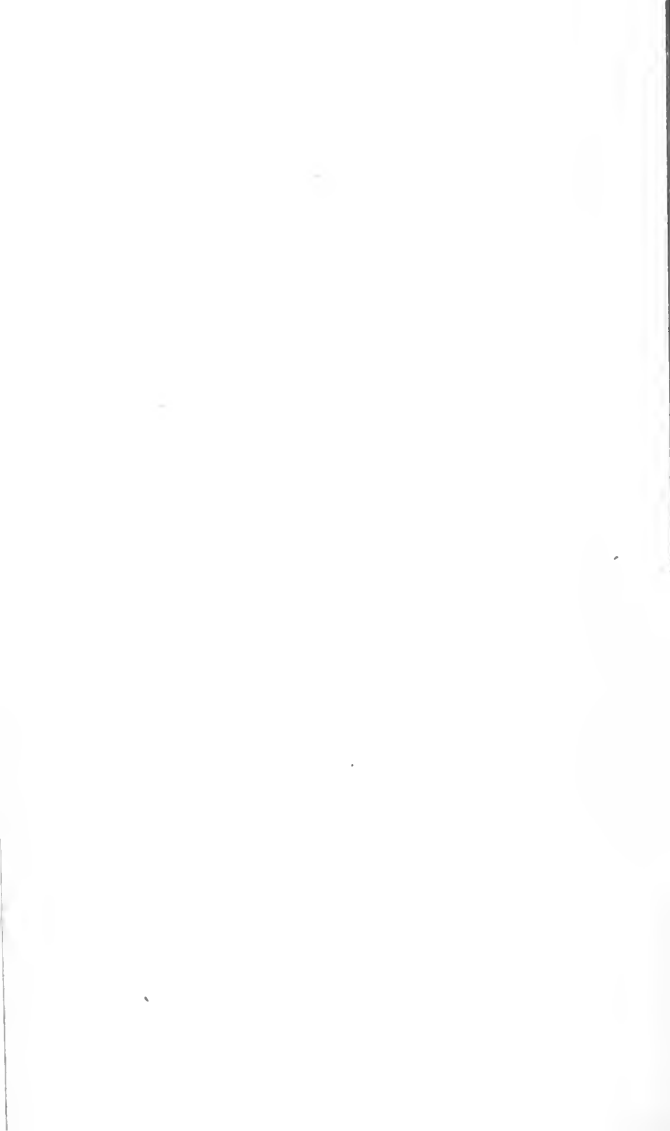
A Mask.

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO THE EARL OF BRIGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honor of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favors been long obliged to your most honored parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

Your faithful and most humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

### THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, *afterwards in the habit of*  
Thyrsis.

Comus, *with his Crew.*

The Lady.

First Brother.

Second Brother.

Sabrina, *the Nymph.*

---

THE CHIEF PERSONS, WHO PRESENTED, WERE

*The Lord Brackley.*

*Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother.*

*The Lady Alice Egerton.*

## C O M U S.

---

*The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.*

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright ærial spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted  
Confined and pester'd in this pinfold here, [care  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true servants,  
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.  
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
That opes the palace of Eternity.  
To such my errand is; and, but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mold.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,  
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay

The unadorned bosom of the deep :  
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
By course commits to several government,  
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;  
And all this tract, that fronts the falling sun,  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :  
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,  
Are coming to attend their father's state,  
And new-entrusted sceptre : but their way  
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;  
And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
But that by quick command from sovran Jove  
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard :  
And listen why ; for I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore as the winds listed,  
On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe,  
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup  
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a grovelling swine !)  
This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks  
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,  
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son

Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:  
Who, ripe and frolic of his full grown age,  
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
At last betakes him to this ominous wood;  
And in thick shelter of black shades embower'd  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, [taste  
To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as they  
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),  
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
The' express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were;  
And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before;  
And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye.  
Therefore when any, favor'd of high Jove,  
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,  
As now I do. But first I must put off  
These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof,  
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
That to the service of this house belongs,  
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,  
And in this office of his mountain watch  
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
Of hateful steps : I must be viewless now.

*Enter COMUS, with a charming-rod in one hand,  
his glass in the other ; with him a rout of mon-  
sters headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but  
otherwise like men and women, their apparel  
glistening ; they come in, making a riotous and  
unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

## COMUS.

The star, that bids the shepherd fold,  
Now the top of heaven doth hold ;  
And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream ;  
And the slope sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,  
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,  
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odors, dropping wine.  
Rigor now is gone to bed, •  
And Advice with scrupulous head.  
Strict Age and sour Severity,  
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.  
We, that are of purer fire,  
Imitate the starry quire ;  
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,  
Lead in swift round the months and years.  
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;



And on the tawny sands and shelves,  
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.  
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;  
What hath night to do with sleep ?  
Night hath better sweets to prove ;  
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
Come, let us our rites begin ;  
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.—  
Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark-veil'd Cotytto ! to' whom the secret flame  
Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,  
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
And makes one blot of all the air ;  
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend  
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;  
Ere the babbling eastern scout,  
The nice morn on the Indian steep,  
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,  
And to the tell-tale sun descry  
Our conceal'd solemnity.—  
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
In a light fantastic round.

## THE MEASURE.

Break off ! break off ! I feel the different pace  
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees ;  
Our number may affright : some virgin sure

(For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
And to my wily trains. I shall ere long  
Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed  
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest the place  
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;  
Which must not be, for that's against my course.  
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy  
Baited with reasons not unplausible,  
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
I shall appear some harmless villager,  
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
But here she comes: I fairly step aside,  
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*Enter THE LADY.*

LADY. This way the noise was, if mine ear be  
true,  
My best guide now. Methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;  
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth  
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,  
Of such late wassailers: yet O! where else

Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labor of my thoughts : 'tis likeliest  
They had engaged their wandering steps too far ;  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me : else, O thievish Night !  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That Nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller ?  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;  
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
And aery tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—  
O welcome, pure-eyed Faith ! white-handed Hope,

Thou hovering Angel ! girt with golden wings ;  
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity !  
I see ye visibly, and now believe  
That He, the Supreme Good, to' whom all things ill  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.  
Was I deceived? or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?  
I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
And cast a gleam over this tufted grove.  
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
Such noise as I can make to be heard furthest  
I'll venture ; for my new-enliven'd spirits  
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph ! that livest unseen  
    Within thy aery shell,  
    By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
    Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
    That liketh thy Narcissus are ?  
    O ! if thou have  
    Hid them in some flowery cave,  
    Tell me but where,  
Sweet Queen of parley ! Daughter of the sphere !  
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

*Enter COMUS.*

COMUS. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment!  
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testify his hidden residence.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
At every fall smoothing the raven-down  
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard  
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,  
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;  
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
And chid her barking waves into attention;  
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,  
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!  
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan; by bless'd song  
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LADY. Nay, gentle Shepherd! ill is lost that  
That is address'd to unattending ears. [praise,  
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
How to regain my sever'd company,

Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS. What chance, good Lady! hath bereft  
you thus?

LADY. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS. Could that divide you from near-usher-  
ing guides?

LADY. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly  
spring.

COMUS. And left your fair side all unguarded,  
Lady? [return.

LADY. They were but twain, and purposed quick

COMUS. Perhaps forestalling night prevented  
them.

LADY. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS. Imports their loss, beside the present  
need?

LADY. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS. Were they of manly prime, or youthful  
bloom?

LADY. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox  
In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat.  
I saw them under a green mantling vine,  
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.  
Their port was more than human as they stood:  
I took it for a faery vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colors of the rainbow live,

And play in the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,  
And, as I past, I worshipp'd: if those you seek,  
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,  
To help you find them.

LADY. Gentle Villager!

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS. Due west it rises from this shrubby  
point.

LADY. To find out that, good Shepherd! I sup-  
In such a scant allowance of star-light, [pose,  
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COMUS. I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,  
Or shroud within these limits I shall know  
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,  
I can conduct you, Lady! to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
Till further quest.

LADY. Shepherd! I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls  
In courts of princes, where it first was named,  
And yet is most pretended. In a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—  
Eye me, bless'd Providence! and square my trial  
To my proportion'd strength!—Shepherd! lead on.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* THE TWO BROTHERS.

FIRST B. Unmuffle, ye faint stars ! and thou,  
fair moon !

That wou't to love the traveller's benison,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades :  
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;  
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

SEC. B. Or, if our eyes

Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering.  
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister !  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears :  
What, if in wild amazement and affright ?  
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

FIRST B. Peace, Brother ! be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :



For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?  
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion !  
 I do not think my sister so to seek,  
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into misbecoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;  
 Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day :  
 But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

SEC. B.

'Tis most true,

That musing Meditation most affects  
 The pensive secesy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate house ;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his grey hairs any violence ?  
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree

Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit,  
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not:  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

FIRST B. I do not, Brother!  
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt or controversy;  
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate the' event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine: she has a hidden strength,  
 Which you remember not.

SEC. B. What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

FIRST B. I mean that too, but yet a hidden  
 strength,  
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own:  
 'Tis chastity, my Brother! chastity:  
 She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;  
 And, like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen,  
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;

Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.  
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,  
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness  
And spotted mountain pard; but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid: gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the  
woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence  
With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,

Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear ;  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the' outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal : but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres  
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new made grave.  
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

SEC. B. How charming is divine philosophy !  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute ;  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

FIRST B. List ! list ! I hear  
 Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

SEC. B. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

FIRST B. For certain  
 Either some one, like us, night-founder'd here,  
 Or else some neighbour woodman ; or, at worst,  
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SEC. B. Heaven keep my sister ! Again, again,  
 and near !

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

FIRST B. I'll halloo

If he be friendly, he comes well : if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

*Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.*

That halloo I should know. What are you? Speak!  
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPI. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak  
again?

SEC. B. O Brother! 'tis my father's shepherd,  
sure. [oft delay'd

FIRST B. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale?  
How camest thou here, good Swain? Hath any ram  
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?  
How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPI. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy!  
I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth,  
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But, O my virgin Lady! where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

FIRST B. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd! without  
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. [blame,

SPI. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

FIRST B. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee  
briefly show.

SPI. I'll tell ye: 'tis not vain or fabulous  
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance),  
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,

Storied of old, in high immortal verse,  
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,  
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;  
For such there be; but unbelief is blind.

Within the naval of this hideous wood,  
Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Character'd in the face. This have I learn'd  
Tending my flocks hard by in the hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecaté  
In their obscured haunts of inward bowers.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
To' inveigle and invite the' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by when the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,  
Wrapp'd in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill; but, ere the close,  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance ;  
At which I ceased, and listen'd them awhile,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds,  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep.  
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death : but O ! ere long,  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear sister.  
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear ;  
And, O poor hapless nightingale ! thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare !  
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
Through paths and turnings often trod by day ;  
Till, guided by mine ear I found the place,  
Where that damn'd wizzard, hid in sly disguise  
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met,  
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey ;  
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
Ye were the two she meant : with that I sprung  
Into swift flight, till I had found you here :  
But further know I not.

SEC. B. O night, and shades !  
How are ye join'd with hell in triple knot

Against the' unarm'd weakness of one virgin,  
Alone, and helpless ! Is this the confidence  
You gave me, Brother ?

FIRST B. Yes, and keep it still ;  
Lean on it safely ; not a period  
Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats  
Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm ;—  
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;  
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;  
Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness ; when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed and self-consumed : if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness, [on.  
And earth's base built on stubble.—But come, let's  
Against the' opposing will and arm of Heaven  
May never this just sword be lifted up !  
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Acheron ;  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
And force him to return his purchase back ;  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Cursed as his life.

SPI.                    Alas! good venturous youth!  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead:  
Far other arms and other weapons must



Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms :  
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

FIRST B.                      Why pr'ythee, Shepherd !  
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
As to make this relation ?

SPI.                      Care, and utmost shifts,  
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,  
That spreads her verdant leaf to' the morning ray :  
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing ;  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstasy,  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And show me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties :  
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out :  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil ;  
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon :  
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly,  
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave :  
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sovran use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
Or ghastly furies' apparition.  
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,  
Till now that this extremity compell'd :  
But now I find it true ; for by this means

I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off. If you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go), you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall :  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandish'd blade rush on him ; break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;  
 But seize his wand : though he and his cursed crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or like the son of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

FIRST B. Thyrsis ! lead on apace : I'll follow thee ;  
 And some good angel bear a shield before us !

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with  
 all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables  
 spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with  
 his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted  
 chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she  
 puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COMUS.

Nay, Lady ! sit : if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,  
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY. Fool ! do not boast ;  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
 With all thy charms ; although this corporal rind  
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

COMUS. Why are you vex'd, Lady ? Why do  
 you frown ?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger : from these gates

Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures,  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season :  
 And first, behold this cordial julep here,  
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd :  
 Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent  
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?  
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower,  
 With that which you received on other terms ;  
 Scorning the unexempt condition,  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tired all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted : but, fair Virgin !  
 This will restore all soon.

LADY. "Twill not, false Traitor !  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,  
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,  
 Thou toldst me of ? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me !  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul De-  
 ceiver !

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falsehood and base forgery ?  
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here

With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute ?  
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
I would not taste thy treasonous offer ; none,  
But such as are good men, can give good things ;  
And that, which is not good, is not delicious  
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COMUS. O foolishness of men ! that lend their  
To those bodge doctors of the Stoic fur, [ears  
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.  
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth  
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,  
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
But all to please and sate the curious taste ?  
And set to work millions of spinning worms, [silk,  
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd  
To deck her sons ; and, that no corner might  
Be vacant of her plenty', in her own loins [gems,  
She hatch'd the' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious  
To store her children with. If all the world  
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
The' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-  
praised,  
Not half his riches known, and yet despised ;  
And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
As a penurious niggard of his wealth ;  
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
Who would be quite surcharged with her own  
And strangled with her waste fertility ; [weight,  
The' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with  
plumes,  
The herds would over-multitude their lords,

The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the' unsought  
diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,  
And so bestud with stars, that they below  
Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
List, Lady! be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
With that same vaunted name, virginity.  
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
But must be current; and the good thereof  
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
Unsavoury in the' enjoyment of itself.  
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
Where most may wonder at the workmanship.  
It is for homely features to keep home;  
They had their name thence: coarse complexions,  
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.  
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
There was another meaning in these gifts:  
Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

LADY. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips  
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.  
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,  
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.—  
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,  
As if she would her children should be riotous  
With her abundance: she, good cateress,

Means her provision only to the good,  
That live according to her sober laws,  
And holy dictate of spare temperance.  
If every just man, that now pines with want,  
Had but a moderate and beseeming share  
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury  
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
And she no whit encumber'd with her store ;  
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,  
His praise due paid : for swinish Gluttony  
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
But with besotted base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?  
Or have I said enough ? To him that dares  
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
Against the sun-clad Power of chastity,  
Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?  
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend  
The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
And serious doctrine of virginity ;  
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
More happiness than this thy present lot.  
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence :  
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced :  
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,  
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and  
shake,

Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,  
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS. She fables not : I feel that I do fear  
Her words set off by some superior Power :  
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
And try her yet more strongly.—Come ! no more !  
This is mere moral babble, and direct'  
Against the canon-laws of our foundation.  
I must not suffer this : yet 'tis but the lees  
And settlings of a melancholy blood ;  
But this will cure all straight : one sip of this  
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Bewise, and taste!—

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest  
his glass out of his hand, and break it against  
the ground : his rout make sign of resistance,  
but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPI-  
RIT comes in.*

## SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape ?  
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,  
And bound him fast : without his rod reversed,  
And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless.  
Yet stay, be not disturb'd ; now I bethink me,  
Some other means I have which may be used,  
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,

That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ; [stream,  
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
She, guiltless damsel, flying' the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,  
Held up their pearly wrists, and took her in,  
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall ;  
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel ;  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made goddess of the river : still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,  
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals :  
For which the shepherds at their festivals  
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.  
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,  
If she be right invoked in warbled song ;  
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
In hard-besetting need : this will I try,  
And add the power of some adjuring verse.



## SONG.

Sabrina fair !

Listen where thou art sitting  
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair :  
Listen for dear honor's sake,  
Goddess of the silver lake !

Listen, and save !

Litsen, and appear to us,  
In name of great Oceanus ;  
By the' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;  
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;  
By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell ;  
By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
And her son that rules the strands ;  
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,  
And the songs of Syrens sweet ;  
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;  
By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
Rise ! rise ! and heave thy rosy head,  
From thy coral-paven bed,  
And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen, and save !

SABRINA rises, attended by *Water-Nymphs*, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,  
My sliding chariot stays,  
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen  
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
That in the channel strays ;  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread ;  
Gentle swain ! at thy request,  
I am here.

SPI. Goddess dear !  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band .  
Of true virgin here distress'd,  
Through the force, and through the wile,  
Of unblest enchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd ! 'tis my office best  
To help ensnared chastity.  
Brightest Lady ! look on me !  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops, that from my fountain pure  
I have kept of precious cure,  
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip :  
Next this marble venom'd seat,  
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.  
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;  
And I must haste, ere morning hour,  
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA *descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.*

SPI. Virgin, daughter of Locrine  
Sprung of old Anchises' line !  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills :  
Summer drought, or singed air,  
Never scorch thy tresses fair ;  
Nor wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud.  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl and the golden ore :  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !

Come, Lady ! while Heaven lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the sorcerer us entice  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste of needless sound,  
Till we come to holier ground.  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide,  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your father's residence ;  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wish'd presence ; and beside  
All the swains, that there abide,

With jigs and rural dance resort :  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.  
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and  
 the President's castle ; then come in Country  
 Dancers ; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT,  
 with the Two BROTHERS and the LADY.*

## SONG.

SPI. Back, Shepherds ! back : enough your play,  
 Till next sun-shine holiday :  
 Here be, without duck or nod,  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise,  
 With the mincing Dryades,  
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to their Father  
 and Mother.*

Noble Lord, and Lady bright !  
 I have brought ye new delight ;  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own.  
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth ;  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

*The Dances being ended, the SPIRIT epiloguises.*

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky.  
There I suck the liquid air  
All amidst the gardens fair  
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree :  
Along the crisped shades and bowers  
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;  
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Thither all their bounties bring ;  
There eternal summer dwells,  
And west-winds, with musky wing,  
About the cedar'd alleys fling  
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.  
Iris there with humid bow  
Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hew  
Than her purpled scarf can show ;  
And drenches with Elysian dew  
(List, Mortals ! if your ears be true),  
Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits the' Assyrian queen :  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,  
After her wandering labors long,  
Till free consent the gods among

Make her his eternal bride ;  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy : so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done :  
I can fly, or I can run,  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals ! that would follow me,  
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime ;  
Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

# A R C A D E S.

PART OF

A MASK,

PRESENTED AT HAREFIELD,

BEFORE THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DERBY.

---

## I. SONG.

LOOK, Nymphs and Shepherds ! look !  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry,  
Too divine to be mistook :

    This, this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend ;  
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise ;  
    Less than half we find express'd,  
    Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threads !  
This, this is she alone,  
    Sitting, like a goddess bright,  
    In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,  
Or the tower'd Cybele,  
Mother of a hundred gods ?  
Juno dares not give her odds :  
    Who had thought this clime had held  
    A deity so unparallel'd ?

*As they come forward, the GENIUS of the wood  
appears, and turning toward them, speaks.*

## GENIUS.

Stay, gentle Swains ! for, though in this disguise,  
I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes :  
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alpheüs, who by secret sluice  
Stole under seas, to meet his Arethuse ;  
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs ! as great and good ;  
I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,  
Was all in honor and devotion meant  
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine ;  
And, with all helpful service, will comply  
To further this night's glad solemnity ;  
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold  
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold ;  
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :  
For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill :



And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground;  
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.  
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness  
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,  
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in measured motion draw  
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mold, with gross unpurged ear;  
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
The peerless highth of her immortal praise,  
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
Inimitable sounds: yet, as we go,  
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,  
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamell'd green  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me, as I sing  
And touch the warbled string,  
Under the shady roof  
Of branching elm star-proof.  
Follow me !  
I will bring you where she sits,  
Clad in splendor as befits  
Her deity.  
Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

## III. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds ! dance no more  
By sandy Ladon's liliated banks :  
On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
Trip no more in twilight ranks ;  
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
From the stony Mænalus  
Bring your flocks, and live with us.  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the Lady of this place.  
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.

# SONNETS.

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## I.

### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE ! that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still ;  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly' Hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love. O ! if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh:  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :  
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## II.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora  
L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco ;  
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco,  
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora ;  
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora  
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l' alta tua virtù s'infiora.  
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti

Che mover passa duro alpestre legno,  
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
L'entrata, chi di te si trouva indegno;  
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

## III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.  
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
Deh! foss'il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

## CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?  
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;  
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi  
Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde  
Nelle cui verdi sponde

Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi  
Perche all spalle tue soverchia soma ?  
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispond !  
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore :  
" Questa é lingua di cui si vanta Amore."

## IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,  
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa  
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa,  
Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,  
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco  
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
Esser non puo, che non sian lo mio sole,  
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)  
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :  
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cела

Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicette amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Farò divoto ; io certo a prove tante  
 L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadri, accorto, e buono ;  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante ;  
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse :  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,  
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

## VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF 23.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near ;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Hea-  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so, [ven ;  
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

## VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may  
 If deed of honor did thee ever please, [seize,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these ;  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tower  
 Went to the ground : and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY ! that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.

Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure!

## X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY<sup>1</sup>.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Charonea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent<sup>2</sup>.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
 Madam! methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

<sup>1</sup> The daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died in an advanced age; and Milton attributes his death to *the breaking of the Parliament*: and it is true that the Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month.

<sup>2</sup> Isocrates, the orator. The victory was gained by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians.



## XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY  
WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*<sup>3</sup>,  
And woven close, both matter, form and style;  
The subject new: it walk'd the Town awhile,  
Numbering good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
A title-page is this! and some in file  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,  
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp<sup>4</sup>?

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow  
sleek, [gasp.  
That would have made Quintilian stare and  
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek<sup>5</sup>,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Ed-  
ward, Greek.

<sup>3</sup> This was one of Milton's books, published in consequence of his separation from his first wife. *Tetrachordon* signifies expositions on the four chief places in Scripture which mention marriage or nullities in marriage.

<sup>4</sup> Milton is here collecting, from his hatred to the Scots, what he thinks Scottish names of an ill sound. *Colkitto* and *Macdonnel*, are one and the same person; a brave officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served under Montrose. The *Macdonalds* of that family are styled, by way of distinction, *Mac Colcittok*, i. e. descendants of lame Colin. *Galasp*, or *George Gillespie*, was a Scottish writer against the Independents, and one of the members of the Assembly of Divines.

<sup>5</sup> The first professor of the Greek tongue in the university of Cambridge, and afterwards made one of the tutors to Edward VI.

## XII.

## ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs :  
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs  
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs ;  
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty ;  
For who loves this, must first be wise and good ;  
But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

## XIII.

## TO MR. H. LAWES ON THE PUBLISHING OF HIS AIRS.

HARRY ! whose tuneful and well-measured song  
First taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With Midas' ears committing short and long ;  
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;  
To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth air could'st humour best our  
tongue.

Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
To honor thee the prince of Phœbus' quire,  
That tunest their happiest lines in hymn, or story.  
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

## XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE  
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

*Deceased, Dec. 16, 1646.*

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee  
never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best  
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple  
beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so dress'd,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

## XV.

## TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX! whose name in arms through Europe  
 rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings;  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 (For what can war but endless war still breed?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valor bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

## XVI.

## TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men! who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast  
 plough'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pur-  
 sued, [imbrued,  
 While Darwent's stream, with blood of Scots  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains

To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories  
No less renown'd than War : New foes arise  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

## XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE ! young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd

The fierce Epirot and the African bold ;  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd ;  
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
In all her equipage : besides to know  
Both spiritual power and civil, whateach means,  
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few  
have done :

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :  
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

## XVIII.

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE.

AVENGE, O Lord! thy slaughter'd saints, whose  
bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and  
stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the' Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow  
A hundredfold, who, having learn'd thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIX.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more  
bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;  
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?”  
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state  
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

## XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE ! of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
From the hard season gaining ? Time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC ! whose grandsire, on the royal bench  
Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
Which others at their bar so often wrench ;

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
In mirth that, after, no repenting draws :  
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.  
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;  
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
That with superfluous burden loads the day ;  
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

## XXII.

## TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC! this three years' day these eyes, though  
clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?  
The conscience, Friend ! to' have lost them  
overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's  
vain mask  
Content though blind, had I no better guide.



## XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE<sup>6</sup>.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
Brought to me, like Alcestes, from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and  
faint.  
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint  
Purification in the' old Law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :  
Her face was veil'd ; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But, O ! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked ; she fled ; and day brought back my  
night.

<sup>6</sup> This Sonnet was written about the year 1656, on the death of his second wife, Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, a rigid sectarist. She died in child-bed of a daughter, within a year after their marriage. Milton had now been for some time totally blind.

# ODES.

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ON THE

## MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse! shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,  
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet :  
O! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;  
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

## THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapp'd in the rude manger lies:  
Nature, in awe to him,  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize :  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She wooes the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;  
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, nor battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;  
The hooked chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [wave.  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need ;  
He saw a greater sun appear [bear.  
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
The air, such pleasure loath to lose, [close.  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light, [ray'd ;  
That with long beams the shamefaced night ar-  
The helmed Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire, [Heir.  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born

Such music (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;

And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep.

And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so ;

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time ;

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;

And, with your ninefold harmony,

Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;

And speckled Vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold ;

And Hell itself will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,

Mercy will sit between,

Throned in celestial sheen, [ing ;

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steer-

And Heaven, as at some festival,

Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,  
This must not yet be so,

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss ;

So both himself and us to glorify :  
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep, [the deep ;  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount Sinai rang, [brake :

While the red fire and smouldering clouds out  
The aged earth aghast,  
With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
When, at the world's last session. [throne.  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for, from this happy day,  
The old Dragon, under ground  
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent:  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn [mourn.  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth, [plaint:

The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat, [seat.  
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn; [mourn.  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue:  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue:  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.



Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green, [loud:  
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest;

Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud:  
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
Nor all the Gods beside  
Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true, [crew.  
Can in the swaddling bands controll the damned

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the' infernal jail,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;  
And the yellow-skirted Fayses [maze.  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved

But see, the Virgin bless'd  
Hath laid her babe to rest;  
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending.  
Heaven's youngest teemed star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd car, [ing:  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attend-  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

## THE PASSION.

EREWILE of music, and etherial mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,  
 My Muse with angels did divide to sing ;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light,  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to' notes of saddest woe,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than  
 Which he for us did freely undergo : [so,  
 Most perfect hero, tried in heaviest plight  
 Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight !

He, sovran priest, stooping his regal head,  
 That dropp'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,  
 His starry front low-roof'd beneath the skies :  
 O, what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,  
 Then lays him meekly down fast by his brethren's  
 side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse :  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound :  
 His god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings, other where are found ;  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound :  
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night! best patroness of grief;  
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
That heaven and earth are color'd with my woe;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wan-  
nish white.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;  
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
Once glorions towers, now sunk in guiltless blood.

There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,  
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
My plaining verse as lively as before:

For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing  
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;  
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think the' infection of my sorrows loud  
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had,  
when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was be-  
gun, left it unfinished.

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright !  
That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
Now mourn ; and, if sad share with us to bear  
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,  
Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
Seas wept from our deep sorrow ;  
He, who with all Heaven's heraldry while  
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease :  
Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just !  
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !  
For we, by rightful doom remediless,  
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
Emptied his glory, even to nakedness ;  
And that great covenant which we still transgress  
Entirely satisfied ;  
And the full wrath beside,  
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess ;  
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
This day ; but O ! ere long,  
Huge pangs and strong  
Will pierce more near his heart.

ON THE  
DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,  
DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower! no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
By boisterous rape the' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach  
was held.

So, mounting up on icy-pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far:  
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care:  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair.

But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,

Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;  
But then transform'd him to a purple flower :  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb ;  
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?  
Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely bless'd !  
(If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear ;)  
Tell me, bright Spirit ! where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in the' Elysian fields, (if such there were ;)   
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy  
flight ?

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
Of shaken Olympus by mischance didst fall ;  
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?  
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
Of sheeny heaven, and thou, some goddess, fled,  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before  
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,  
And camest again to visit us once more ?  
Or wert thou, Mercy, that sweet-smiling youth ?  
Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robed Truth ?

Or any other of that heavenly brood [good?  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post  
And after short abode fly back with speed,  
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed;  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,  
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
But thou canst best perform that office where  
thou art.

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,  
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild:  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent.

This if thou do, he will an offspring give,  
That, till the world's last end, shall make thy name  
to live.

ON TIME<sup>1</sup>.

FLY, envious Time ! till thou run out thy race ;  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross :  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain !  
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,  
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss ;  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme throne  
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb ;  
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
O Time !

<sup>1</sup> In Milton's manuscript, written with his own hand, the title is, ' On Time. TO BE SET ON A CLOCK-CASE.'



## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLESS'D pair of Syrens! pledges of Heaven's joy!  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse!  
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ  
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;  
And to our high-raised phantasy present  
That undisturbed song of pure concent,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne  
To Him that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;  
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow;  
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly:  
That we on earth, with undiscording voice,  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
In first obedience, and their state of good.  
O, may we soon again renew that song,  
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
To his celestial consort us unite,  
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

AN EPITAPH  
ON THE  
MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
The honor'd wife of Winchester,  
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,  
Besides what her virtues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told ; alas ! too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death.  
Yet had the number of her days  
Been as complete as was her praise,  
Nature and Fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
Quickly found a lover meet ;  
The virgin quire for her request  
The God that sits at marriage feast ;  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;  
And in his garland, as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypress bud.  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throes ;

But, whether by mischance or blame,  
Atropos for Lucina came ;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :  
The hapless babe, before his birth,  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip  
Saved with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower :  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways, as on a dying bed ;  
And those pearls of dew, she wears,  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle Lady ! may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have.  
After this thy travel sore  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore ;  
That, to give the world increase,  
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.  
Here, besides the sorrowing  
That thy noble house doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon ;  
And some flowers, and some bays,  
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;

Whilst thou, bright Saint ! high sit'st in glory,  
Next her, much like to thee in story,  
That fair Syrian shepherdess,  
Who after years of barrenness,  
The highly favor'd Joseph bore  
To him that served for her before,  
And at her next birth, much like thee,  
Through pangs fled to felicity,  
Far within the bosom bright  
Of blazing Majesty and Light :  
There with thee, new welcome Saint !  
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
No marchioness, but now a queen.

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## SONG

## ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright Morning-star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May ! that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire :  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale, doth boast thy blessing !  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.





## MISCELLANIES.

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### ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

*At a VACATION EXERCISE in the COLLEGE, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HAIL, native Language! that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before!  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task:  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst:  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid  
For this same small neglect that I have made:  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
Which take our late fantastics with delight;

But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,  
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
And, weary of their place, do only stay,  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;  
That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears :  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door  
Look in, and see each blissful Deity  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To' the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire :  
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;  
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,  
Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,  
Are held, with his melodious harmony,  
In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
But fie, my wandering Muse ! how thou dost stray ?  
Expectance calls thee now another way ;



Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
To keep in compass of thy predicament :  
Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then ENS is represented as Father of the PREDICAMENTS  
his two Sons, whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE with  
his Canons; which ENS, thus speaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son ! for, at thy birth,  
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth ;  
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
From eyes of mortals walk invisible :  
Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;  
For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
That far events full wisely could presage,  
And, in Time's long and dark prospective glass,  
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass ;  
“ Your son,” said she, (“ nor can you it prevent )  
Shall subject be to many an Accident.  
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
Yet every one shall make him underling ;  
And those, that cannot live from him asunder,  
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under ;  
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,  
Yet, being above them, he shall be below them ;  
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.  
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;

Show'd him his room where he must lodge that  
night,  
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :  
If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
“ Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.”

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## ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
That he could never die while he could move ;  
So hung his destiny, never to rot  
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
Until his revolution was at stay.  
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :  
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.  
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
And too much breathing put him out of breath :  
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,  
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;  
“ Nay,” quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
“ If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.”  
Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,  
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.  
His leisure told him that his time was come,  
And lack of load made his life burdensome,

That even to his last breath (there be that say't),  
As he were press'd to death, he cried, " More  
weight ;"

But, had his doings lasted as they were,

He had been an immortal carrier.

Obedient to the moon he spent his date

In course reciprocal, and had his fate

Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,

Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase* :

His letters are deliver'd all and gone,

Only remains this superscription.

ON

## THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE

## LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate Lord,

And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,

To seize the widow'd whore Plurality

From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd ;

Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword

To force our consciences that Christ set free,

And ride us with a classic hierarchy

Taught ye by mere A. S.<sup>1</sup> and Rotherford<sup>2</sup> ?

<sup>1</sup> Adam Steuart, a divine of the church of Scotland, and the author of several polemical tracts : some portions of which commence with A. S. only prefixed.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Rotherford, or Rutherford, one of the chief commissioners of the church of Scotland, and professor of divinity in the church of St. Andrew. He published a great variety of Calvinistic tracts.

Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
Must now be named and printed heretics  
By shallow Edwards<sup>3</sup> and Scotch what d'ye call<sup>4</sup>:  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing worse than those of  
Trent;

That so the Parliament  
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,  
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,  
And succour our just fears,  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
“New Presbyterian is but old Priest writ large.”

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Edwards, minister, a pamphleteering opponent of Milton; whose plan of independency he assailed with shallow invectives.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps Henderson, or Galaspie, Scotch divines: the former of whom appears as “a loving friend,” in Rutherford’s *Joshua Redivivus*; and the latter was one of the ecclesiastical commissioners at Westminster.

## TRANSLATIONS.

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### THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odors,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
    Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
    In wreaths thy golden hair  
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he  
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas  
    Rough with black winds, and storms  
    Unwonted shall admire!  
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
Who always vacant, always amiable  
    Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
    Unmindful. Hapless they, [vow'd  
To whom thou' untried seem'st fair! Me, in my  
Picture, the sacred wall declares to' have hung  
    My dank and dropping weeds  
    To the stern god of sea.

### FROM GEOFFERY OF MONMOUTH.

BRUTUS *thus addresses* DIANA *in the Country of* LEOGECIA.

GODDESS of shades, and huntress! who at will  
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and through the  
    deep;

On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell  
What land, what seat of rest, thou bids't me seek,  
What certain seat, where I may worship thee  
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

*To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA answers in a vision  
the same night.*

BRUTUS ! far to the west, in the ocean wide,  
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,  
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old ;  
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend  
Thy course ; there shalt thou find a lasting seat :  
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might  
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

FROM DANTE.

AH, Constantine ! of how much ill was cause,  
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
That the first wealthy pope received of thee.

FROM DANTE.

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,  
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,  
Impudent Whore ! where hast thou placed thy hope ?  
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?  
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO.

THEN pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,  
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously :  
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,  
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

## FROM HORACE.

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he  
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
Whose witness and opinion win the cause?  
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,  
See his foul inside through his whited skin.

## FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,  
Having to' advise the public, may speak free;  
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:  
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:  
What can be juster in a state than this?

## FROM HORACE.

——— Laughing, to teach the truth,  
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys  
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

## FROM HORACE.

——— Joking decides great things,  
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

## FROM SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,  
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

## FROM SENECA.

——— There can be slain  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,  
Than an unjust and wicked king.

## PSALM I. Done into Verse, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way  
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
 Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great  
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
 And in his law he studies day and night.  
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
 By watery streams, and in his season knows  
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
 Nor sinners in the' assembly of just men.  
 For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,  
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. *Terzetti.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of the' earth upstand  
 With power, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
 Their twisted cords. He, who in heaven doth  
 dwell, [severe,  
 Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then,  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)



On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
I will declare: The Lord to me hath said,  
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
As thy possession I on thee bestow  
The Heathen; and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,  
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full  
low  
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse  
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.  
And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,  
Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear  
In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.  
Happy all those who have in him their stay!

## PSALM III. Aug. 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD, how many are my foes!  
How many those,  
That in arms against me rise!  
Many are they,  
That of my life distrustfully thus say;  
No help for him in God there lies.

But thou, Lord! art my shield, my glory,  
Thee, through my story,  
The' exalter of my head I count:  
Aloud I cried  
Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,  
And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept; I waked again;  
For my sustain  
Was the Lord. Of many millions  
The populous rout  
I fear not, though, encamping round about,  
They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord! save me, my God! for thou  
Hast smote ere now  
On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
Of men abhorr'd  
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the  
Thy blessing on thy people flows. [Lord;

PSALM IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,  
God of my righteousness!  
In straits, and in distress,  
Thou didst me disenthral  
And set at large; now spare,  
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.  
Great ones, how long will ye  
My glory have in scorn?  
How long be thus forborne  
Still to love vanity?  
To love, to seek, to prize,  
Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?  
Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
Chose to himself apart,  
The good and meek of heart;  
(For whom to choose he knows).  
Jehovah from on high  
Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.

Be awed, and do not sin ;  
Speak to your hearts alone,  
Upon your beds, each one,  
And be at peace within.  
Offer the offerings just  
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
Many there be that say,  
Who yet will show us good ?  
Talking like this world's brood.  
But, Lord ! thus let me pray ;  
On us lift up the light,  
Lift up the favor of thy countenance bright.  
Into my heart more joy  
And gladness thou hast put,  
Than when a year of glut  
Their stores doth over-cloy,  
And from their plenteous grounds  
With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
In peace at once will I  
Both lay me down and sleep ;  
For thou alone dost keep  
Me safe where'er I lie ;  
As in a rocky cell  
Thou, Lord, alone, in safety makest me dwell.

## PSALM V. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH ! to my words give ear :  
My meditation weigh.  
The voice of my complaining hear,  
My King and God ! for unto thee I pray.  
Jehovah ! thou my early voice  
Shalt in the morning hear ;  
I' the morning I to thee with choice  
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes  
In wickedness delight;  
Evil with thee no biding makes;  
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.  
All workers of iniquity  
Thou hatest; and them unblest  
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;  
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
But I will, in thy mercies dear,  
Thy numerous mercies, go  
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,  
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.  
Lord! lead me in thy righteousness,  
Lead me, because of those  
That do observe if I transgress:  
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
For in his faltering mouth unstable,  
No word is firm or sooth;  
Their inside, troubles miserable;  
An open grave their throat, their tongue they  
God! find them guilty, let them fall [smooth.  
By their own counsels quell'd;  
Push them in their rebellions all  
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
Then all, who trust in thee, shall bring  
Their joy; while thou from blame  
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
For thou, Jehovah! wilt be found  
To bless the just man still;  
As with a shield, thou wilt surround  
Him with thy lasting favor and good will.

## PSALM VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD ! in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;  
Pity me, Lord ! for I am much deject,  
And very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :  
For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,  
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore ;  
And thou, O Lord ! how long ? Turn, Lord ! restore  
My soul ; O ! save me for thy goodness' sake :  
For in death no remembrance is of thee ;  
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?  
Wearied I am with sighing out my days ;  
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;  
My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye  
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
Depart ! all ye that work iniquity,  
Depart from me ! for the voice of my weeping  
The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my  
prayer ;  
My supplication with acceptance fair  
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dash'd  
With much confusion ; then, grown red with  
shame,  
They shall return in haste the way they came,  
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

## PSALM VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CUSH, THE BENJAMITE,  
AGAINST HIM.

LORD, my God! to thee I fly;  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection, while I cry:  
Lest as a lion (and no wonder),  
He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God! if I have thought  
Or done this; if wickedness  
Be in my hands; if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace;  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let the' enemy pursue my soul,  
And overtake it: let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust; and there, out-spread,  
Lodge it with dishonor foul.

Rise, Jehovah! in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire;  
And wake for me, their fury assuage;  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command, which I desire.

So the' assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right ;  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord ! be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me : cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness,  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou' art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies ;  
In him who, both just and wise,  
Saves the' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended :  
If the' unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold,  
He travels big with vanity :  
Trouble he hath conceived of old,  
As in a womb ; and from that mold  
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made ;  
His mischief, that due course doth keep  
Turns on his head ; and his ill trade  
Of violence will, undelay'd,  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the Name and Deity  
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord ! how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth !  
So as above the heavens thy praise to set  
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,  
To stint the enemy, and slack the' avenger's brow,  
That bends his rage thy Providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,  
The moon, and stars, which thou so bright hast set  
In the pure firmament ; then saith my heart,  
O, what is man that thou remember'st yet,

And think'st upon him ; or of man begot,  
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found !  
Scarce to be less than gods, thou madest his lot,  
With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.



O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;  
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.  
 O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre; wherein all, but what is  
 in a different character, are the very words of the text,  
 translated from the original.

### PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd, that dost Israel *keep!*  
 Give ear *in time of need;*  
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep  
*Thy loved Joseph's seed;*

That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright,*  
*Between their wings out-spread;*  
 Shine forth *and from thy cloud give light,*  
*And on our foes thy dread.*

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasse's sight,  
 Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*  
*To save us by thy might.*

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*  
*To us, O God! vouchsafe;*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.

- 4 Lord God of Hosts! how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*  
Against thy people's prayer!
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;  
Their bread with tears they eat;  
And makest them largely drink the tears  
*Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou makest us *and a prey*  
To every neighbour foe;  
Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
O God of Hosts! *vouchsafe;*  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free lore made it thine,*  
And drovest out nations, *proud and haught,*  
To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
And root it deep and fast,  
That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And fill'd the land at last.*
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*  
The hills were *over-spread;*  
Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall  
*Advanced their lofty head.*

- 11 Her branches *on the western side*  
Down to the sea she sent,  
And *upward* to that river *wide*  
Her other branches *went*.
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
And broken down her fence,  
That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
Upturns it by the roots ;  
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts ! look down  
From heaven, thy seat divine ;  
Behold *us, but without a frown,*  
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long* ;  
And the young branch that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,  
And cut *with axes* down :  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid* ;  
Upon the son of man, whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made.

- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
    *To ways of sin and shame ;*  
    Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we  
    Shall call upon thy Name. "
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
    Lord God of Hosts ! *vouchsafe ;*  
    Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
    And then we shall be safe.

. PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*  
    Sing loud to God *our King ;*  
    To Jacob's God *that all may hear,*  
    Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
    The timbrel hither bring ;  
    The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
    And harp *with pleasant string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon  
    With trumpet's *lofty sound,*  
    The appointed time, the day whereon  
    Our solemn feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*  
    For Israel *to observe ;*  
    A law of Jacob's God *to hold,*  
    *From whence they might not swerve.*
- 5 This he a testimony' ordain'd  
    In Joseph, *not to change,*  
    When as he pass'd through Egypt land ;  
    The tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, *and from slavish toil*,  
I set his shoulder free :  
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,  
Deliver'd were *by me*.

7 When trouble did thee sore assail,  
*On me then* didst thou call ;  
And I to free thee *did not fail*,  
*And led thee out of thrall*.

I answer'd thee in thunder deep,  
With clouds encompass'd round ;  
I tried thee at the water steep  
Of Meriba *renown'd*.

8 Hear, O my People ! *hearken well* ;  
I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock of* Israël,  
If thou wilt list to me :

9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien god shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honor bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
Thee out of Egypt land ;  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
*Nor* hearken to my voice ;  
And Israël, *whom I loved so dear*,  
Misliked me for his choice.

- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wandering mind ;  
Their own conceits they follow'd still,  
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O, that my people would *be wise*,  
To serve me *all their days* !  
And O, that Israel would *advise*  
To walk my *righteous ways* !
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
That now so proudly rise ;  
And turn my hand against *all those*,  
That are their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
To bow to him and bend ;  
But *they, his people, should remain*,  
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*  
With flower of finest wheat,  
And satisfy them from the rock  
With honey *for their meat*.

## PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 GOD in the great assembly stands  
Of kings and lordly states ;  
Among the gods, on both his hands,  
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right  
With judgment false and wrong,  
Favoring the wicked *by your might*  
Who thence grow bold and strong ?

- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,  
Despatch the poor man's cause ;  
And raise the man in deep distress  
By just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that *help demands*.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand ;  
In darkness they walk on :  
The earth's foundations all are moved,  
And out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all  
The sons of God Most High :
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God ! judge thou the earth *in might*,  
This *wicked* earth redress ;  
For thou art he who shall by right  
The nations all possess.

## PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,  
O God ! hold not thy peace :  
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength* !  
*We cry, and do not cease*.
- 2 For lo ! thy *furious* foes *now* swell,  
And storm outrageously ;  
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,  
Exalt their heads full high.

- 3 Against thy people they contrive  
Their plots and counsels deep;  
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,  
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come! let us cut them off, say they,  
Till they no nation be;  
That Israël's name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might,  
And all, as one in mind,  
Themselves against thee they unite,  
And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of *scornful* Ishmaël:  
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell:*
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
And *hateful* Amalee;  
The Philistines, and they of Tyre  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check.*
- 8 With them *great* Asher also bands,  
*And doth confirm the knot:*  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*  
*That wasted all the coast;*  
To Sisera; and, as *is told,*  
*Thou didst to Jabin's host:*



- When at the brook of Kishon old,  
They were repulsed and slain ;*  
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
So let their princes speed ;  
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,  
So let their princes bleed.
- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*  
By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and *will now invade*  
Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God! oh! make them as a wheel,  
*No quiet let them find:*  
Giddy and *restless let them reel,*  
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when an aged wood takes fire*  
*Which on a sudden strays ;*  
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher  
Till all the mountains blaze :
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 And till they yield thee honor due,  
Lord! fill with shame their face.
- 17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,  
Troubled, and shamed for ever ;  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, and 'scape it never.

- 18 Then shall they know, that Thou, whose Name  
Jehovah is alone,  
Art the Most High, *and thou the same*  
O'er all the earth *art One*.

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair !  
O Lord of Hosts ! how dear  
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,  
Where thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die  
Thy courts, O Lord ! to see ;  
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
O living God ! for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong*,  
Hath found a house of *rest* :  
The swallow there, to lay her young,  
Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
- Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts !  
They find their *safe abode* ;  
And home they fly from round the coasts  
Toward thee, my King ! my God !
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise !
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways !
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,  
That dry and barren ground ;  
As through a fruitful watery dale,  
Where springs and showers abound.

- 7 They journey on from strength to strength  
    *With joy and gladsome cheer,*  
    *Till all before our God at length*  
    In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts ! hear *now* my prayer,  
    O Jacob's God give ear ;
- 9 Thou God, our shield ! look on the face  
    Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*  
    Is better, *and more bless'd,*  
    Than *in the joys of vanity*  
    A thousand days *at best*.
- I, in the temple of my God,  
    Had rather keep a door,  
    Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*  
    With sin *for evermore*.
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
    Gives grace and glory *bright* ;  
    No good from them shall be withheld  
    Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high !*  
    That man is *truly* bless'd,  
    Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
    And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favor graciously  
    Thou has not, Lord ! been slack ;  
    Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
    Returned Jacob back.

- 2 The' iniquity thou didst forgive  
    *That wrought thy people woe ;*  
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
    *Hast hid where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed  
    And calmly didst return  
From thy fierce wrath which we had proved  
    Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace !  
    Turn us, and us restore :  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
    *Towards us, and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
    For ever angry thus ?  
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
    From age to age on us ?
- 6 Wilt thou not turn and *hear our voice,*  
    And us again revive,  
That so thy people may rejoice  
    By thee preserved alive ?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord !  
    To us thy mercy show :  
Thy saving health to us afford,  
    *And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now, what God the Lord will speak,*  
    *I will go straight and hear :*  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
    And to his saints *full dear.*

To his dear saints he will speak peace ;  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*

9 Surely, to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand ;  
And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.*

10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were miss'd,*  
*Now joyfully* are met ;  
*Sweet Peace and Righteousness* have kiss'd,  
*And hand in hand* are set.

11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*  
Shall bud and blossom *then* ;  
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down *on mortal men.*

12 The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good :  
Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go,  
*His royal harbinger :*  
Then will he come, and not be slow ;  
His footsteps cannot err.

### PSALM LXXXVI.

1 *THY gracious ear, O Lord ! incline,*  
*O hear me, I thee pray ;*  
For I am poor, and almost pine  
With need, *and sad decay.*

- 2 Preserve my soul ; for I have trod  
Thy ways, and love the just.  
Save thou thy servant, O my God !  
Who still in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord ! for daily thee  
I call, 4 O ! make rejoice  
Thy servant's soul ; for, Lord ! to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord ! art prone  
To pardon : thou to all  
Art full of mercy ; thou *alone*  
To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord !  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I, in the day of my distress,  
Will call on thee *for aid* ;  
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
*And answer what I pray'd*.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
O Lord ! nor any works  
*Of all that other gods have done*  
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord !  
And glorify thy name.

- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done.  
Thou, *in thy everlasting seat,*  
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord! thy way *most right* ;  
I in thy truth will bide ;  
To fear thy name my heart unite,  
*So shall it never slide.*
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God !  
*Thee honor and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast freed my soul ;  
Even from the lowest hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God ! the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord ! art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to show ;  
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O ! turn to me *thy face at length,*  
And me have mercy on :  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son.

- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then* see,  
And be ashamed; because thou, Lord!  
Dost help and comfort me.

## PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast;  
*There seated in his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed.*
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
Than all the dwellings *fair*  
Of Jacob's *laud*, *though there be store,*  
*And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God! most glorious things  
Of thee *abroad* are spoke:
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke.*
- I mention Babel to my friends;  
*Philistia full of scorn;*  
And Tyre with Ethiops' *utmost ends,*  
Lo this man there was born:
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*  
Be said of Sion *last;*  
This and this man was born in her;  
High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
When he the nations doth inroll,  
That this man there was born.



- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,  
    *With sacred songs are there ;*  
In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*  
    *And all my fountains clear.*

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God ! that dost me save and keep,  
    All day to thee I cry ;  
And all night long before thee *weep,*  
    Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer  
    *With sighs devout ascend ;*  
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*  
    Thine ear with favor bend.
- 3 For, cloy'd with woes and trouble sore,  
    Surcharged my soul doth lie ;  
My life, at *Death's uncheerful door,*  
    Unto the grave draws high.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
    Down to the *dismal pit :*  
I am a man, but weak, alas !  
    And for that name unfit:
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite  
    Among the dead to *sleep ;*  
And like the slain in *bloody fight,*  
    That in the grave lie *deep.*
- Whom thou rememberest no more,  
    Dost never more regard,  
Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,  
    *Death's hideous house hath barr'd.*

6. Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
Hast set me *all forlorn* ;  
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,  
Full sore doth press on me ;  
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And makest me odious,  
Me to them odious, *for they change*,  
And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,  
Mine eye grows dim and dead ;  
Lord ! all the day I thee entreat,  
My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
Shall the deceased arise,  
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes* ?
- 11 Shall thy loving-kindness tell,  
On whom the grave *hath hold* ?  
Or they, who in perdition *dwell*,  
Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*  
Or wonderous acts be known ?  
Thy justice in the *gloomy land*  
Of *dark oblivion* ?

- 13 But I to thee, O Lord ! do cry,  
*Ere yet my life be spent ;*  
 And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*,  
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord ! my soul forsake,  
 And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruised, and shake  
 With terror sent from thee ?

Bruised, and afflicted, and *so low*  
 As ready to expire ;  
 While I thy terrors undergo,  
 Astonish'd with thine ire.

- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;  
 Thy threatenings cut me through :
- 17 All day they round about me go ;  
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
 And sever'd from me far :  
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are.

### A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author  
 at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the bless'd seed of Terah's faithful son,  
 After long toil, their liberty had won ;  
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand ;  
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown ;  
 His praise and glory were in Israel known.

That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head  
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that hath received the foil.  
The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams  
Amongst their ewes; the little hills like lambs.  
Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?  
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
Shake, Earth! and at the presence be aghast  
Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last;  
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush!

## PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.  
Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God.  
For his, &c.  
O, let us his praises tell,  
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.  
For his, &c.  
Who, with his miracles, doth make  
Amazed heaven and earth to shake.  
For his, &c.  
Who, by his wisdom, did create  
The painted heavens so full of state.  
For his, &c.  
Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain.  
For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light.

For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressed sun  
All the day long his course to run.

For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.

For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israël.

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythræan main.

For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power.

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorëan coast.

For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew :

For his, &c.

And, to his servant Israël,  
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld us in our misery :

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM  
CONSCRIPSIT.

---

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Auctore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia, nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cùm alii præsertim ut id faceret magnoperè suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, *Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus, ad JOANNEM MILTONIUM Anglum.*

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus, ipse fores.

*Ad JOANNEM MILTONEM Anglum, triplici poe-  
seos laureá coronandum, Græcá nimirum, La-  
tiná, atque Hetruscá, Epigramma JOANNIS  
SALSILLI Romani.*

CEDE, Meles; cedat depressa Mincius urnâ;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui.  
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

*Ad JOANNEM MILTONUM.*

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.  
*Selvaggi.*

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI NOBILE INGLESE.

### ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio  
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona  
Non più del Biondo Dio  
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicono,  
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace  
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
Non puo l' oblio rapace,  
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,  
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.



Del ocean profondo  
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede  
Separata dal mondo,  
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede :  
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,  
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita  
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,  
Quella gli è sol gradita,  
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;  
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido  
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;  
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
E per poterla effigiare al paro  
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'ape ingegnosa  
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;  
Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,  
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante  
Milton dal ciel natio per varie parti  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;  
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino  
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
Vide in ogni confino  
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;  
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora  
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :  
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
Ch' à ingegni sovrumani  
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,  
Che di virtù immortale  
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;  
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia  
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce cetra  
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso  
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno  
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
So che fatico indarno,  
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;  
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

*Del sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI, gentilhuomo.*  
*Fiorentino.*

# JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI:

*Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio;*

VIRO, qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca, perspexit; ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomiâ duce, audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistrâ philosophiâ, legenti; antiquitatum late-

bras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis, ambages comite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.  
*At cur nitor in arduum?*

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS DATUS *Patricius Florentinus*,

Tanto homini servus tantæ virtutis amator.

## ELEGIARUM LIBER.

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### ELEG. I. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM<sup>1</sup>.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;  
Pertulit, occidua Devæ Cestrensis ob orâ  
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.  
Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostrî, tamque fidele caput,  
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles :  
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !

<sup>1</sup> Charles Deodati, one of Milton's most intimate friends, was an excellent scholar, and practised physic in Cheshire. He was educated with our author at Saint Paul's School in London ; and from thence went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he was entered in the year 1621, at thirteen years of age. He was a fellow-collegian there with Alexander Gill, another of Milton's intimate friends, who became successively Usher and Master of Saint Paul's School. He died in 1638.

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,  
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.  
O! utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;  
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.  
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,  
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.  
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,  
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.  
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;  
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores :  
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat :  
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectâsse dolendo,  
Interdum et lacrimis dulcis amaror inest :  
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit ;  
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,  
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :  
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe, latemus ;  
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,  
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.  
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,  
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,  
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!  
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
Atque faces, quotquot, volvit uterque polus!  
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!  
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!  
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!  
Cedite, laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,  
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
Cedite, Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ,  
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;  
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ!  
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus!  
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas  
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.  
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;  
Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina! posse sequi.  
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum! structa colonis,  
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,  
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,  
Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque auroque, puellæ  
Per medias radiant, turba videnda, vias.  
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;



Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoëntis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,  
 Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;  
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

## ELEG. II. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

*In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis<sup>2</sup>.*

TE, qui, conspicuus baculo fulgente, solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem;  
 Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
 Candidiora licèt fuerint tibi tempora plumis,  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;  
 O! dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies;  
 Dignus, quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.  
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo;  
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ  
 Alipes, ætheriâ missus ab arce Patris:

<sup>2</sup> The person here commemorated is Richard Ridding, one of the University Beadles, and a Master of Arts of Saint John's College, Cambridge.

Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satellites Averni,  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ;  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia! luge,  
 Et madeant lachrimis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeïa tristes,  
 Personet et totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

### ELEG. III. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

#### *In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis<sup>3</sup>.*

MŒSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sede-  
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo: [bam;  
 Protinus en! subiit funestæ cladis imago,  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore  
 Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face; [turres,  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et iâspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:  
 Et memini heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te precipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul!  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ!

<sup>3</sup> Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, had been originally Master of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge; but long before Milton's time. He died at Winchester-House in Southwark, Sept. 21, 1626.

Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar :

“ Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi !

Nonne satis quod silva tuas persentiat iras,

Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros ?

Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,

Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ?

Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus

Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?

Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo

Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis.

Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia silvis ;

Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.

Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas,

Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?

Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,

Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ ?”

Talia dum lacrimans alto sub pectore volvo,

Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis ;

Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum

Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter :

Nec mora : membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,

Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos :

Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro ;

Heu ! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.

Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,

Ut matutino cùm juga sole rubent.

Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,

Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos

Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.

Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,

Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.

Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,

Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.  
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,  
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
Ecce! mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat,  
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.  
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,  
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.  
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;  
“Nate! veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni!  
Semper abhinc duro, Nate! labore vaca.”  
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,  
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos:  
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

## ELEG. IV. ANNO ÆTATIS XVIII.

*Ad THOMAM JUNIUM præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem<sup>4</sup>.*

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea litera, pontum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros.  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo deos;  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis;  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri:  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum:  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves.  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere egor ego.  
 Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!  
 Charior ille mihi, quàm tu, doctissime Graiùm,  
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat:

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Young, pastor of the church of English merchants at Hamburg, was Milton's private preceptor, before he was sent to Saint Paul's School.

Quamque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumno,  
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.  
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreüs heros  
Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
Primus ego Aonios, illo præeunte, recessus  
Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi ;  
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,  
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.  
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
Induxitque auro lauea terga novo ;  
Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem  
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :  
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum ;  
Quàm sit opus monitis, res docet ipsa, vides.  
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo :  
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum  
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei ;  
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
Dicere quam decuit, si modò adesset, herum.  
Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :  
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,  
Mittit ab Angliaco litore fida manus.  
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;  
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
Icaris à lento Penelopeïa viro.  
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?

Arguitur tardus meritò noxamque fatetur,  
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti :  
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
Supplicis ad mæstas deliquere preces :  
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus ;  
Placat et iratos hostia parva deos.  
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ;  
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !  
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis ;  
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.  
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat ;  
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;  
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,  
Fugit io ! terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.  
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror ;  
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;  
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere Penates,  
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.  
Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis  
Spumea quæ pulsat litoris unda tui,  
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,  
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum ?  
Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,

Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,  
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent ?  
Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !  
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede ;  
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira ! manus :  
Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix :  
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum  
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
At tu sume animos ; nec spes cadat anxia curis :  
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
Intententque tibi millia tela necem ;  
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus ;  
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi :  
Ille, Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;  
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras  
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris ;  
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum ;  
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.  
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala :  
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis ;  
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.



## ELEG. V. ANNO ÆTATIS XX.

*In adventum veris.*

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam;  
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.  
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,  
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;  
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.  
Delius ipse venit, video Peneïde lauro  
Implicitos crines; Delius ipse veuit.  
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,  
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia va-  
Et mihi fana patent interiora deùm; [tum,  
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo;  
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.  
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?  
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,  
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:  
Urbe ego, tu silvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,  
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris io! rediere vices: celebremus honores  
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.  
Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.  
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ;  
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
Jamque Lycaonius, plastrum cœleste, Boötes  
Non longà sequitur fessus ut ante viâ.  
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.  
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit;  
Neve Gigantæum Dii timuere scelus.  
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,  
“Hac,” ait, “hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,  
Phœbe! tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.  
Læta suas repetit silvas, pharetramque resumit  
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas;  
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur  
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.”  
“Desere,” Phœbus ait, “thalamos, Aurora! se-  
Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro? [niles;  
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;  
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.”  
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.  
Exiit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam;  
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;  
Et cupit, et digna est: quid enim formosius illâ,  
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus;  
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto  
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis?  
Ecce! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;

Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,  
Tænario placuit diva Sicana deo.  
Aspice, Phœbe ! tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces :  
Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alā ;  
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.  
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros ;  
Alma salutiſerum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos :  
Quòd, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coëmptus amor)  
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.  
Ah ! quoties, cùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, [diurno  
“ Cur te,” inquit, “ cursu languentem, Phœbe !  
Hesperiiis recipit cærule Mater aquis ? ”  
Quid tibi cum Tethy ? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ ?  
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo ?  
Frigora, Phœbe ! meâ melius captabis in umbrâ ;  
Huc ades, ardeutes imbue rore comas.  
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ ;  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,  
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo,  
Cùm tu, Phœbe ! tuo sapientius uteris igni.  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.”  
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores :  
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt :

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido ;  
    Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis ;  
    Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo ;  
Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam ;  
    Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam ;  
    Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari. [bes,  
Marmoreas juvenes clamant “ Hymenæe ! ” per ur-  
    Litus, “ Io Hymen ! ” et cava saxa sonant.  
Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ,  
    Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
Egrediturque, frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris  
    Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. [unum,  
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus  
    Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.  
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,  
    Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu ;  
    Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo ;  
    Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.  
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm sera crepuscula surgunt,  
    Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro ;  
Silvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
    Semicaperque deus, semideusque caper :  
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,  
    Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,  
    Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres :  
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
    Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes :  
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri ;  
    Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere silvas,  
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet:  
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto!  
Nec vos arboreâ, Dii! precor, ite domo.  
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter! aurea terris  
Sæcla; quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis?  
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe! jugales,  
Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant:  
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes;  
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

## ELEG. VI.

*Ad CAROLUM DEODATUM ruri commorantem,  
Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina  
excusari postulâset si solito minus essent bona,  
quòd inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis ex-  
ceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se  
posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
Qua tu, distento, fortè carere potes.  
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,  
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
Carminè scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque;  
Crede mihi, vix hoc carminè scire queas.  
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis;  
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
Quàm benè solennes epulas, hilaremque Decem-  
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere deum, [brem,  
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,  
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!  
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?  
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,  
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus, “ Euœ!”  
Mista Thyonœo turba novena choro.  
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:  
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.  
Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,  
Cantavit brevibus Teïa Musa modis?  
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,  
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;  
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
Et volat Elœo pulvere fuscus eques.  
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho,  
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.  
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.  
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,  
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum  
Corda: favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,  
Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.  
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
Insonat, arguta molliter icta manu;  
Auditurque chelys-suspensa tapetia circum,  
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.  
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;  
Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,  
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,  
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos :  
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
Et cum purpureâ Matre tenellus Amor.  
Talibus indè licent convivium larga poetis,  
Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero.  
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,  
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces ;  
Et nunc sancta canit superùm consulta deorum,  
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,  
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos :  
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,  
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.  
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus,  
Qualis, veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,  
Surgis ad infensos, Augur ! iture deos.  
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
Orpheon, edomitæ sola per antra feris.  
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum ;  
Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,  
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis ;  
Perque tuas, Rex ime ! domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos ;  
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.  
At tu, siquid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem  
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam,)   
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,  
Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris ;

Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,  
Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit;  
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere tur-  
Et subitò elisos ad sua fana deos. [mas,  
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

## ELEG. VII. ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

NONDUM, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia! nôram,  
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
Atque tuam sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor!  
“Tu, Puer, imbelles,” dixi, “transfige columbas!  
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:  
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve! triumphos;  
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.”  
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim deus ullus ad iras  
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie! diem:  
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.  
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;  
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum:  
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.  
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;



Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,  
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.  
“ Et miser, exemplo sapuisses tutius,” inquit,  
“ Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris.  
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.  
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;  
Et, quoties meminit Peneïdos, ipse fatetur  
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.  
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,  
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:  
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
Inscius uxori qui necis auctor erat.  
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion;  
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.  
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,  
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
Nec te, stulte! tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,  
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.”  
Dixit; et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.  
Et modò qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,  
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias:  
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat;  
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet

Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus ;  
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor ;  
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi ;  
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.  
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;  
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri ;  
Sic regina deûm conspicienda fuit.  
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido ;  
Solutus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.  
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus :  
Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori ;  
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis :  
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inermis ferit.  
Protinùs insoliti subierunt corda furores ;  
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.  
Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
Ablata est oculis, non reditura, meis.  
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus et excors,  
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
Findor, ethæcremanet : sequitur pars altera votum,  
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.  
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos :  
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.  
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus ? amores  
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
O ! utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui !  
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces !

Crede mihi, nullus sic infelicitè arsit :

Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.

Parce, precor, teneri cùm sis deus ales amoris,

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Jam tuus O ! certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,

Nate deâ, jaculis, nec minùs igne, potens :

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,

Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;

Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :

Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,

Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos.

---

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,

Nequitiae posui vana trophæa meæ.

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,

Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit :

Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos

Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.

Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,

Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.

Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,

Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

## EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

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### I.

#### IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe! nefas,  
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?  
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,  
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis:  
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,  
Liquit Iôrdanios turbine raptus agros.

### II.

#### IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentâsti cœlo donâsse Iäcobum,  
Quæ septemgeminò, Bellua! monte lates?  
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.  
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit  
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,  
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos;  
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

## III.

## IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,  
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.  
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,  
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.  
“Et nec inultus,” ait, “temnes mea sacra, Britanne!  
Supplicium, spretâ religione, dabis.  
Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
Non nisi per flammâ triste patebit iter.”  
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni,  
Ibat ad ætherias, umbra perusta, plagas.

## IV.

## IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
Et Styge damnarat, Tænarioque sinu;  
Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

## V.

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
Qui tulit ætheriam solis ab axe facem;  
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
Et trifidum fulmen, surripuisse Jovi.

## VI.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM<sup>1</sup>.

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,  
 Obtigit ætheriis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum, Leonora! tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens:  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque  
 fusus,  
 In te unà loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

## VII.

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetani,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah! miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!  
 Et te Pierià sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ filia movere lyræ!  
 Quamvis Dirceò torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes cæcà vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem  
 Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.

<sup>1</sup> Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed *the Fair*, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in these three Latin Epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world.

## VIII.

## AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli! jactas,  
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloïados ;  
Litoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ,  
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
Illa quidè̃m vivitque, et amcenâ Tibridis undâ  
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

## IX.

## IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.

QUIS expedit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,  
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?  
Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi  
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.  
Quòd si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,  
Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ  
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,  
Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

## X.

## IN SALMASIUM.

GAUDETE scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,  
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis argentes freta!  
Vestrûm misertus ille Salmasius, Eques  
Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat ;  
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos  
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii  
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii :  
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum  
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium  
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

## XI.

## IN MORUM.

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,  
Quis benè moratam, morigeramque, neget ?

## XII.

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino :  
Hinc, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,  
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
Hactenûs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
Mota solo assueto, protinûs aret iners.  
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,  
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus ;  
Atque ait, “ Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,  
Parva licèt, grato dona tulisse animo !  
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :  
Nunc periire mihi et fœtus, et ipse parens.”

## XIII.

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROM-  
WELLI.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,  
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli !  
Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,  
Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero :  
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.  
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra :  
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.



## SILVARUM LIBER.

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### PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὅτε παιδὲς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὴ φύλ' Ἰακώβ  
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέε, βαρβαρόφωνον,  
Δὴ τότε μένον ἐν ὅσιον γένος ὕιες Ἰᾷδα·  
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βυσίλευεν.  
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπύδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα  
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, ὃδ' αἶρ' ἐσυφελίχθη  
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.  
Ἐκ δ' ὄρει σκυρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,  
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ.  
Βαιοτέραι δ' αἶμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,  
Ὅια παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας  
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ; τί δ' αἶρ' ἐσυφελίχθης  
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
Τίπτ', ὄρει, σκυρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,  
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλωῇ;  
Βαιοτέραι τὶ δ' αἶρ' ὑμῆς ἀνασκιρτήσατ', ἐρίπναι,  
Ὅια παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
Σείεις, γαῖα, τρέσσει Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,  
Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρεῖς ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσοακίδαιο,  
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλιδῶν ποταμῶν χέε μορμόροντας,  
Κρήνηντ' ἀναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσεως.

*Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos fortè captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subitò misit.*

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέτης με τὸν ἔννομον, ἢ ἄρ' ἀνδρῶν  
Δεινὸν ὅλως ἔρασαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον  
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλαο, τὸ δ' ὕπερον αὖθι νοήσεις,  
Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,  
Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἀλκαρ ὀλέσας.

#### IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφνὲς βλέπων.  
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν ἔκ ἐπιγρόντες, φίλοι,  
Γελᾶτε φάυλς ἐνσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

#### IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARI, MEDICI<sup>1</sup>.

*Anno Ætatis xvii.*

PARERE Fati discite legibus,  
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,  
Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.  
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro  
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu ! moræ

<sup>1</sup> This Ode is on the death of Doctor John Goslyn, master of Caius College, and king's professor of medicine at Cambridge ; who died while a second time vice-chancellor of that university, in October, 1626.

Tentantur incassum, dolique ;

Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera

Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,

Nessi venenatus cruore,

Æmathià jacuisset Oetà :

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ

Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut

Quem larva Pelidis peremit

Ense Locro, Jove lacrimante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia

Fugare possint, Telegoni parens

Vixisset infamis, potentique

Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant

Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,

Non gnarus herbarum Machaon

Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ :

Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,

Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine ;

Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,

Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,

Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,

Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,

Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi

Lætus, superstes ; nec sine gloria ;

Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis

Horribiles barathri recessus.

At fila rupit Persephone tua,

Irata, cùm te viderit artibus,

Succoque pollenti, tot atris

Faucibus eripuisse mortis.

Colende Præses! membra, precor, tua  
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo  
Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,  
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina;  
Interque felices perennis  
Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto  
Teucrigenas populos, lateque potentia regna  
Albionum, tenuit; jamque inviolabile fœdus  
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:  
Pacificusque novo, felix divesque sedebat  
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:  
Cùm ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
Eumenidum pater, ætherio vagus exul Olympo,  
Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros:  
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,  
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;  
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace:  
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;  
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; ceu Caspia tigris  
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris:  
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,

Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva  
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles ;  
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hæc, opibusque et festâ pace beatam,  
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;  
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ  
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Typhæus.  
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ietaque cuspide cuspis.  
“ Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrimabile mundo  
Inveni,” dixit ; “ gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.  
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta.”  
Hactenus ; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis :  
Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines : à parte sinistrâ  
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,  
Dextra beneficiis infans Hetruria, nec non  
Te furtiva, Tibris ! Thetidi videt oscula dantem ;  
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
Panificosque deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
Evehitur : præeunt submisso poplite reges,

Et mendicantùm series longissima fratrum;  
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes:  
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,  
(Vespereratsaceriste Petro)fremitusque canentùm  
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos et inane locorum.  
Qualitèr exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
Nox senis amplexûs Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque fero-

cem,

Atque Acherontæo proguatam patre Siopen  
Torpidad, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,  
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter  
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes:  
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,  
Cùm niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentùm  
Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus  
Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,  
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.  
Talis, utî fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu

Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces ; [tus,  
 “Dormis, Nate? etiamne tuos sopor opprimit ar-  
 Immemor ! O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,  
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque  
 triplex,

Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe ;  
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni ?  
 Surge, age ! surge, piger ! Latiusquem Cæsar ado-  
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli, [rat,  
 Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis ;  
 Et memor Hesperiae disjectam ulciscere classem,  
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,  
 Thermodoontèa nuper regnante puellâ.

At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires ;  
 Tyrrhenum implebit numero milite pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit ;  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesces ;  
 Irritus ille labor : tu callidus utere fraude :  
 Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.

Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævusque patres, trabeâ canisque verendos ;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.

Protinûs ipse-igitur, quoscunque habet Anglia  
 fidos

Propositi factique mone : quisquamne tuorum  
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?  
Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,  
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.”  
Dixit; et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,  
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
Mœstaque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,  
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:  
Cùm somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
Nocturnos visûs et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,  
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,  
Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;  
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes  
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.  
Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri  
Et Phonos, et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per  
antrum,  
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus um-  
bris,



Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt :  
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur :

“ Finibus occiduis circumfusus incolit æquor  
Gens exosa mihi ; prudens Natura negavit  
Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo :  
Illuc, sic jubeo celeri contendite gressu,  
Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras  
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago :  
Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,  
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.”  
Finierat ; rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvaminc cœlos  
Despicit ætheria Dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ ;  
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quà distat ab Aside terrâ  
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;  
Hîc turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,  
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris  
Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.  
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ ;  
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :  
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;  
Qualitèr instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis  
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.  
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce ;  
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima  
captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
Nec tot, Aristoride ! servator inique juvencæ  
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,

Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.  
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpè  
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:  
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis  
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax  
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes,  
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit  
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicèt Angli  
Officiis, vaga Diva! tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terræque tremante:  
“Fama siles? An te latet impia Papistarum  
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?”

Nec plura; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,  
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;  
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.  
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes:  
Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga relinquit:  
Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes  
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura, spargit:  
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
Auctoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis  
Et paritèr juvenes, paritèr tremuere puellæ,  
Effœtique senes paritèr; tantæque ruinæ  
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto

Ætherius Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres :  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS<sup>1</sup>. ANNO ÆTATIS XVII.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis :  
 Cùm centilinguis Fama, prohi ! semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia,  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinûs  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpè devovens deam :  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore ;  
 Graiusque vates parciûs  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.

<sup>1</sup> Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, died October 5, 1626, not many days after Bishop Andrews, before celebrated. He had been also master of Pembroke Hall, as well as Bishop Andrews.

At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
Et imprecor neci necem,  
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :  
“ Cæcos furores pone ; pone vitream  
Bilemque, et irritas minas :  
Quid temerè viclas non nocenda numina,  
Subitoque ad iras percita ?  
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
Mors atra Noctis filia,  
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
Vastove nata sub Chao :  
Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei  
Messés ubique colligit ;  
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
In lucem et auras evocat :  
Ut cùm fugaces excitant Horæ diem,  
Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;  
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris :  
At justa raptat impios  
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
Sedesque subterraneas.  
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
Ad astra sublimis feror :  
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,  
Auriga currus ignei.  
Non me Boötis, terruere lucidi  
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia ;  
Non ensis, Orion ! tuus.  
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
Longeque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
 Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
 Striatum smaragdis atrium.  
 Sed hîc tacebo; nam quis effari queat,  
 Oriundus humano patre,  
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi  
 Sat est in æternum frui."

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM<sup>2</sup>.

HEU, quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-  
 fundis  
 CEdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!  
 Ergóne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?  
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque, situsque,  
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?

<sup>2</sup> This was an academical exercise, written in 1628, to oblige one of the fellows of Christ's College.

Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ  
Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon  
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
Tu quoque, Phœbe! tui casus imitabere nati;  
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ  
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,  
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro  
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,  
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;  
Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.  
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.  
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
Devexo temone Deus; sed, semper amicâ  
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.  
Surgit odoratis paritèr formosus ab Indis,  
Ætherium pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,  
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;  
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,

Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
 Nec per iuane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos  
 Trux Aquilo spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutatur :

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et raueâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
 Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque, Terra ! tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti  
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille decorem,  
 Phœbe ! tuusque, et, Cypri ! tuus ; nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum scelerei celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum

Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum ;  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli ;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES  
 INTELLEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum Deæ !  
 Tuque, O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater ! quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas !  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas Deum ;  
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,

Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei ?  
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis ;  
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci :  
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum :  
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas :  
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ  
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
Atlante major portitore siderum.  
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;  
Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos  
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;  
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.  
Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,  
Ter magnus Hermes, ut sit arcani sciens,  
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,  
(Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis),  
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,  
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;  
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.



## AD PATREM.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;  
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis  
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, Pater optime ! carmen  
Exiguum meditatur opus ; nec novimus ipsi  
Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis  
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
Quo nihil ætherios ortus, et semina cœli,  
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara car-  
men

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.  
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ :  
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;  
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cùm repetemus Olympum,

Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis;  
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt.  
Spiritus et rapidos qui circumat igneus orbes,  
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinat ipse choreis  
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;  
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;  
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.  
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.  
Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,  
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,  
Heroumque actûs, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,  
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.  
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,  
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,  
Carmine, non citharâ; simulachraque functa canendo

Compulit in lacrimas. Habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas;  
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;  
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.  
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti  
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?

Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;  
Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,  
Non odisse reor; neque enim, Pater! ire jubebas  
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:  
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis  
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;  
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,  
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis;  
Me poscunt majora: tuo, Pater optime! sumptu  
Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant  
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;  
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;  
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo  
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfusus aer,  
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,  
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit:  
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
Ni fuisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas  
Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna, præoptas.  
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cœlo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,  
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,  
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.  
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,  
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo ;  
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,  
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
Este procul, vigiles Curæ ! procul este, Querelæ !  
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo !  
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia ! rictus ;  
In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,  
Nec vèstri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus  
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

Attibi, chare Pater ! postquam non æqua merenti  
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco ;  
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

## AD SALSILLUM,

POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM<sup>1</sup>.

## SCAZONTES.

O MUSA! gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
Quàm cùm decentes flava Dēiope suras  
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;  
Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,  
Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,  
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,  
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,  
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.  
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille!  
Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;  
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
Præcordiisque fixa daninosùm spirat;  
Nec id pepercit impia, quòd tu Romano  
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Salsilli had complimented Milton at Rome in a Latin tetrastich, for his Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry. Milton, in return, sent these elegant Scazons to Salsilli when indisposed.

O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebes  
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe! morborum terror,  
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan  
Libentèr audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso  
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.  
Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Musis,  
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans.  
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,  
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;  
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro;  
Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,  
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS<sup>1</sup>.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat De Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

‘ Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,  
Risplende il MANSO.’

Is auctorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse! tuæ meditantur carmina  
laudi

Pierides, tibi, Manse; choro notissime Phœbi!  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus  
honore,

Post Galli cineres, et Mæcenatis Hetrusci.

Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,  
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso

Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:

Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum

Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;

<sup>1</sup> At Naples Milton was introduced to Giovanni Battista Manso, marquis of Villa, who had been the friend of Tasso: and Milton, on leaving Naples, sent this poem to him.

Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit :  
Nec Manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici :  
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.  
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia  
cessant

Officia in tumulto : cupis integros rapere Orco,  
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges.  
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam  
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ ;  
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
Retulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,  
Manse pater ! jubeo longum salvere per ævum,  
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,  
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,  
Imprudens, Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.  
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis  
Oceanî glaucos perfundit gurgite crines :  
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus iucultum, nec inutile Phœbo,  
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
Flavescentes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
Halantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,  
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,  
Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta, canebant ;  
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,



Delo in herbosâ, Graiæ de more puellæ,  
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,  
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,  
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate Senex ! ergo, quacunque per orbem  
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini ;  
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-  
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rum,  
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates  
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas :  
At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit  
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo ;  
Ille licèt magnum Alciden suscepit hospes.  
Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,  
Peneïum propè rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,  
Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,  
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,  
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;  
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte Senex ! te Jupiter æquus oportet  
Nascentem, et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,  
Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu  
Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos ;  
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,

Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam benè nôrit,  
Siquandò indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem !  
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
Magnanimos heroas ; et, O modo spiritus adsit !  
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges !

Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,  
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ :  
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
Curaret parvâ componi mollitèr urnâ :  
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.  
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,  
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,  
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo,  
Quantum fata sinunt ; et, totâ mente serenum  
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
Et simul ætherio plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

## EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

### Argumentum.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimùm. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demùm postea reversus, et rem ità esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur *Carolus Deodatus* ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius<sup>1</sup>.

HIMERIDES Nymphæ! (nam vos et Daphnin, et  
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis), [Hylan,  
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:  
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis, [sus;  
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque reces-  
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.  
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,  
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicèt illum

<sup>1</sup> Charles Deodati's father, Theodore, was born at Geneva, of an Italian family, in 1574. He came young into England, where he married an English lady of good birth and fortune. He was a doctor in physic; and, in 1609, appears to have been physician to prince Henry, and the princess Elizabeth, afterwards queen of Bohemia.

Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe :  
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,  
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon !  
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?  
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,  
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo ante videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
Inter pastores : illi tibi vota secundo  
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,  
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus, amabit :  
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,  
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia,  
Damon !

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò ? quis mihi fidus  
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,  
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,  
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni [Auster  
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus et malis  
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cùm Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;  
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;  
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus  
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, et illæ  
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphisibæus ad ornos,  
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;  
“Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus  
undas:”

Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus, abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,  
(Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus),  
“Thyrsi, quid hoc?” dixit, “quæ te coquit im-  
proba bilis?”

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum :  
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordi a plumbo."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Miranturnymphæ, et "quid te, Thyrsi! futurum est?  
Quid tibi vis?" aiunt; "non hæc solet esse juventæ  
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi;  
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem  
Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,  
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu:  
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti:

Nil me, blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
Nil me si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!

Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri.

Lex eadem pelagi: deserto in littore Proteus  
Agmina phocarum numerat; vilisque volucrum  
Passer habet semper quicum sit et omnia circum  
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens;

Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
Protinùs ille aliùm socio petit inde volatu.

Nos, durum genus, et diris exercita fatis  
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors,  
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum:  
Aut si sors dederit tandèm non aspera votis,  
Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,  
Surripit æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit,)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!  
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et benè compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse, “Vale, nostrî memor ibis ad astra.”

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestrî nunquam meminisse pige-  
 Pastores Thusci! Musis operata juvenus! [bit,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos! et Thuscus tu quoque  
 Damon!

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O! ego quantus eram, gelidi cùm stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potuî Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec, puto, multùm  
 Displicui; nam sunt et apud me, munera vestra,  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis<sup>2</sup>, et Francinus<sup>3</sup>: erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.

<sup>2</sup> Carlo Dati of Florence, with whom Milton corresponded after his return to England.

<sup>3</sup> Anti. Francini. Vide Testimon.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,  
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!  
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi:

“ Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè  
retardat,

Imus? et argutà paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,  
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni,  
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,  
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque  
hyacinthi, [dentum.”

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque me-  
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm,  
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!  
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,  
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,  
Dissiluire tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra  
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim  
Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos, cedite, silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque  
Belinum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögernen,  
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,  
Merlini dolus. O! mihi tum si vita supersit,  
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu,  
Multùm oblita mihi: aut patriis mutata Camœnis  
Brittonicum strides: quid enim? omnia non licet  
uni,



Non sperâsse uni licet omnia. Mî satis ampla  
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
Tum licèt, externo penitusque inglorius orbi),  
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,  
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne  
Treantæ,

Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri;  
Hæc, et plura simul: tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse.  
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.

In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvæ,  
Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,  
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;  
Parte aliâ polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus:  
Quis putet? hîc quoque Amor, pictæque in nube  
pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo:  
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi  
Hinc ferit; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,  
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes  
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus:  
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica,  
Damon!

Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret  
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?  
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,  
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrimæ, nec flebimus ultra.

Ite procul, lacrimæ ! purum colit æthera Damon :  
Æthera purus habet ; pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;  
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,  
Ætherios haurit latices, et gaudia potat  
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,  
Dexter ades ! placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,  
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
Cœliocolæ nôrint, silvisque vocabere Damon.  
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores !  
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,  
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,  
Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos ;  
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos.

*Jan. 23, 1646.*

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM.

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM<sup>1</sup>.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuò mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ publicâ reponet, Ode.

Ode tribus constat Stropbis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secutus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortassè dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ σχέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

STROPHE 1.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronte licèt geminâ,  
 Munditieque nitens non operosâ;  
 Quem manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olin,  
 Sedula tamèn haud nimii poetæ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,  
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

<sup>1</sup> John Rouse, or Russe, Master of Arts, fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian, May 9, 1620. He died in April, 1652, and was buried in the chapel of this college.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber ! quis te fratribus  
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?  
Cùm tu missus ab urbe,  
Docto jugitèr obsecrante amico,  
Illustre tendebas iter  
Thamesis ad incunabula  
Cærulei patris,  
Fontes ubi limpidi  
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,  
Orbi notus per immensos  
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

## STROPHE II.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,  
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,  
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,  
Mollique luxu degener otium),  
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm ;  
Immundasque volucres,  
Unguibus imminentes,  
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasœo ?

## ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle ! nuntii licèt malâ  
Fide, vel oscitantiâ,  
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,

Seu quis te teneat specus,  
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili  
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,  
Lætare felix ! en iterum tibi  
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam  
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ :

## STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui  
Optat peculî, numeroque justo  
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse ;  
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta  
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :  
Teque adytis etiam sacris  
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,  
Æternorum operum custos fidelis ;  
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,  
Quàm cui præfuit Iôn,  
Clarus Erechtheides,  
Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
Iôn Actæâ genitus Creüsâ.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu visere lucos  
Musarum ibis amœnos ;  
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,  
Oxonîâ, quam valle colit,  
Delo posthabitâ,  
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo.  
Ibis honestus,  
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem

Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
Illic legeris inter alta nomina  
Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ  
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

## EPODOS.

Vos tandèm, haud vacui mei labores,  
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo  
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,  
Quas bonus Hermes,  
Et tutela dabit solers Roïsi;  
Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque  
longè  
Turba legentùm prava facesset :  
At ultimi nepotes,  
Et cordatior ætas,  
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
Adhibebit, integro sinu.  
Tum, livore sepulto,  
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
Roïσιο favente.

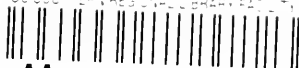
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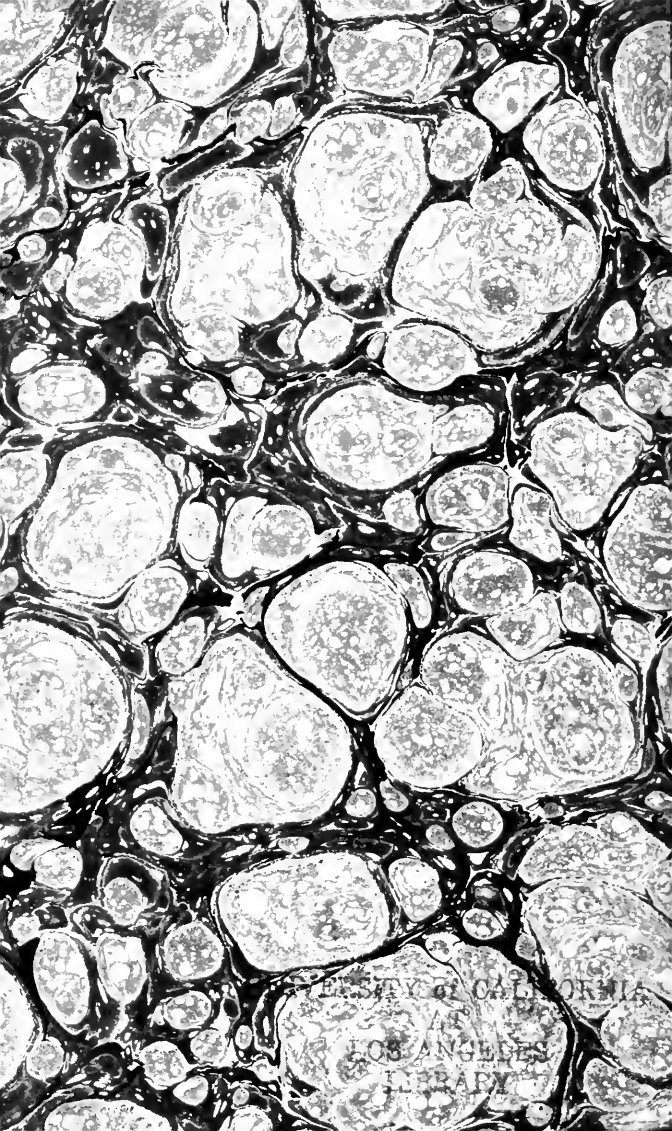




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